

THE FAVORITE

VOL. I.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1873.

PRICE } FIVE CENTS.
OR SIX CENTS, U.S. CV.



"TWO HORSEMEN RODE NOISELESSLY OVER THE DRAWBRIDGE."

FEUDAL TIMES; OR, TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

CHAPTER VI.

MESSIEURS DE TOURNOIL.

After parting with the Marquis de la Tremblais, Captain de Maurevert returned to the reception-room. He was thoughtful and anxious. "My dear friend," he said to Raoul, taking him apart, "the day has begun badly. Why the devil did this old Huguenot here meddle with our affair!—on a question of ransom, too, about which she knows nothing! However, it's no use thinking any more about that. What we have to do is to arrange some plan to extricate ourselves from the abominable dilemma we are in."

"What has been the result of your conference with the marquis?" asked Raoul.

"It has resulted in nothing."

"Yet he appeared desirous to ingratiate him-

self with you. It is strange he did not make some proposition."

"Yes, it is strange," replied the captain, delicately keeping to himself the fact of his sublime refusal of the five hundred crowns offered to him by the marquis. "Come here, mademoiselle," he said to Diane, who was seated a short distance apart, and lending an eager ear to the conversation that was passing between them. "The subject of which we are treating," he continued, as soon as, after a moment's hesitation, she had re-seated herself near them, "concerns you as much as it does us. The question to which we want to find a reasonable answer is, how to oppose the designs of the Marquis de la Tremblais. Two means are open to us—force and stratagem. If we had time we might turn to account the grievances of the common people, shamefully despoiled by the rapacity of the marquis—form a kind of league against him, in fact. The smaller nobility, whom he has rendered hostile by his arrogance, would also give us their assistance. Unfortunately, we have no time at command; for our enemy is not a man to sleep on an injury. We have nothing for it, therefore, but to be before him. If we fail to take the initiative, we are lost. In default of force then, we have only stratagem to rely on. Now, have you anything to suggest in that way, chevalier?"

"Absolutely nothing, captain," replied Raoul.

"Then I have," said de Maurevert—"something which I venture to think eminently ingenious, and in the execution certain of success,

In the first place, pray observe that the primary cause of all the trouble between the Marquis and the Dame d'Erlanges is the refusal of mademoiselle here to favor his love proposals. Suppose, now, that mademoiselle should take an opposite view of the matter, and discover that she feels a violent attachment to him?"

"Captain!" exclaimed Raoul, in a tone almost of menace.

"That's right—fly into a rage!—and much good that will do! If I am not permitted to advance a mere innocent hypothesis, I give up the attempt to explain my scheme, and leave you to get out of the scrape you are in, in the best way you can."

"Proceed, captain," said Diane, in a soft and supplicating tone. "Chevalier Raoul, listen, I conjure you, to Monsieur de Maurevert's proposition. His experience alone can save us."

"I suppose, then, for an instant," continued de Maurevert, quietly, "that mademoiselle's sentiments are changed, and that she loves the marquis passionately. In proof of the violence of her feelings, she accords to him a rendezvous in the neighborhood of the chateau, to which rendezvous the marquis, delighted out of his wits, will hasten with breathless speed; then we rush, sword in hand, out of an ambushade, in which we have been lying close, charge the marquis hotly, and leave him dead on the spot. What do you say to the idea?"

"That its execution is not to be thought of; because its accomplishment would be a crime that would for ever dishonor us."

"You look at the question at that light, do you?" said the captain, with a smile of pity. "In that case, Chevalier Sforzi, I leave you to take your own course, while I, on my side, shall do as seems best to me."

The sort of council held by de Maurevert, Sforzi, and Diane was interrupted by the arrival of the Dame d'Erlanges.

"Monsieur Sforzi," she said, "I am greatly indebted to you, and beg you to accept my thanks for the support you have rendered me; nevertheless, I will not conceal from you that I deplore the violence you have exhibited. Anger is a great sin, chevalier."

"Thousand thunders!" cried the captain, "this is too much! Please to understand, madame, that the generosity—or, to speak more plainly, the folly—of the chevalier will, in all probability, bring him to some pitiable end. If, instead of siding with you—whom he hardly knows—he had arranged with the marquis, not only would Monsieur de Sforzi be at this moment out of danger, but, what is more, the master of two hundred golden crowns. Thousand thunders! I repeat, if you cannot show yourself grateful, at least spare us your sermons!"

The Dame d'Erlanges listened to this violent harangue with majestic calmness. de Maurevert, warming more and more, proceeded: "May Monsieur Satan fly away with me, if I see in the least how to save the poor chevalier! I cannot bear to see my friend and companion cut to pieces, however. Explain yourself, my dear Raoul—what do you intend to do?"

"My part is taken," answered Raoul, gravely. "I shall carry my complaint to the foot of the throne; I shall demand justice and protection of the king."

"Better and better!" cried the captain, bursting into a loud laugh. "What a strange young man you are, Sforzi! You actually believe in the king's power, then? You really imagine that Henry of Valois is of some account in his kingdom; that his power, already fettered and controlled in Paris, extends to the province of Auvergne? You are a ludicrously bad politician. Henry III. exists only by consent of the nobles, whom he caresses and detests at the same time; the moment Messieurs de Guise withdraw their support from him, he will have nothing to do but to hide himself in a cloister. Address yourself to Henry?—the idea is a farce!"

"We entertain a very different idea of royalty," replied Raoul with the utmost seriousness of tone; "you laugh at it—I venerate it as a divine institution. From the day when the king shall deign to show his will, nobody—I do not except the greatest in the kingdom—will dare to resist him. For power he wants but will. Captain, in my heart I hate and despise feudalism. I have witnessed so many of its excesses, its abuses, its indignities committed by the nobles of the Italian states; I have seen the tyranny of the great press with such cruelty on the poor people, that I put my entire hope of remedy in royalty. Royalty, which levels positions, overthrows the superb, and defends the weak, is liberty! For a long time I have been tormented with an ardent desire to combat the tyranny of the provincial noblesse. Who knows whether my steps may not have been directed to the Château de Taube, to furnish me an occasion to accomplish my project? Perhaps, but for the infamy of the Marquis de la Tremblais, and the dangers that threaten these ladies, I might not have sought his Majesty. My resolution is now unshakable—nothing can turn me from its execution. I will go to the king."

Raoul expressed himself with so much animation, his visage so shone with enthusiasm, that Diane, whose eyes had been bent upon his face all the time he was speaking, was electrified, and cried from her heart:

"May heaven bless your efforts and your courage!"

"He will need something more than prayers to enable him to reach Paris!" replied De Maurevert. "Before he has ridden ten leagues, the apostles of Monsieur le Marquis will swoop down upon him, like a flight of hungry ravens on a sick sheep. Sforzi is brave—he has, at least, that one good quality—and he will defend himself valiantly. He will kill one, two—half a dozen if you like; but Messieurs les Apostles are twelve in number, and they will end by killing him. Trust in my old experience, chevalier. Remain quietly here—under no pretext set foot outside the château. While you keep in safety here, I will work. Since the ambush scheme displeases you, I will have recourse to another means. Will you oblige me, madame, by ordering my horse to be brought out? I wish to start at once."

"Alone, captain?" cried Raoul. "I will not permit it."

"Hundred thousand devils! Chevalier, I have respected your scruples—is it too much to expect that, in return, you will leave me my liberty of action?"

"But if you are attacked?"

"Bah! I shall not be attacked! I am a person of some importance. It is known that my cousin, De Maurevert—as great a thief as ever walked the earth *entre nous*—is on good terms with Messieurs de Guise and the princes; his credit is reflected on me."

"Where are you going, captain?"

"To the Château de Tournoi, five leagues from here; and now I have answered your question, you are doubtless as wise as you were before."

"You are going to the Château de Tournoi?" cried the Dame d'Erlanges, in a tone of astonishment, and with an expression of terror on her face.

"Is it possible, captain, you are going to the Château de Tournoi?" asked Diane, scarcely less surprised and terrified than her mother.

"Certainly I am," replied De Maurevert. "The Château de Tournoi is inhabited by a band of co-religionists of yours—excellent Huguenots, one and all."

"You call such men our co-religionists!" cried the Dame d'Erlanges, indignantly.

"Great merit, like theirs, is always at the mercy of slander," replied the captain. "I know people say that these brave gentlemen of Tournoi are of no religion whatever, and only use the title of Huguenots to screen their real calling."

"Which is that of robbers and murderers!" cried the Dame d'Erlanges.

"Flat calumny!" replied the captain; "but what is certain truth is, that but for the near neighborhood of the garrison of Tournoi, Monsieur le Marquis de la Tremblais would long ere this have possessed himself of your pleasant Château de Taube. Oblige me by answering one question before I start on my visit to Messieurs de Tournoi. What sum may I offer in your name to these gentlemen for their immediate aid against the marquis? I imagine that four or five thousand crowns will satisfy them. The sum you will say, is a large one; no doubt it is. But the service is a large one—to attack the most powerful nobleman in the province!"

"Captain," cried the Dame d'Erlanges, firmly, "rather than employ such allies, I would prefer to see my château reduced to ashes, my flocks carried off, my fortune lost! I utterly forbid you,

monsieur, to treat in my name with this band of lawless and crime-stained men."

"As you please, madame," replied the captain; "only I am sorry to find you so little understand your own interest. However, since I have to get my friend the chevalier out of danger, I will serve you in spite of yourself. Come and help to buckle on my cuirass, Raoul. Ladies, before taking my departure, I have the honor to present to you my respects."

Desirous to obtain an explanation of the enigmatical conversation to which he had been a listener, Raoul took De Maurevert's arm, and passed with him out of the reception-room.

"Who are these Huguenots of Tournoi whom the Dame d'Erlanges appears to hold in such small esteem?" he asked.

"To tell you the plain truth," answered the captain, "they are as infernal a set of scoundrels as you could hope to find within so short a riding distance. About four years ago they formed a free company in the service of the king; but, ill paid, ragged, and under the ban of public opinion, they had anything but a pleasant time of it. One day, driven to it by misery and the exasperation they felt at the way they had been treated, they resolved to start in business on their own account. Their cornet was a shrewd, ambitious, and bold fellow. To him they confided their project, and offered to elect him their captain. He accepted. No very long time after this," continued De Maurevert, "they treacherously seized the strongly fortified Château de Tournoi and massacred the garrison; then, having neither pity nor mercy to expect from the Catholics, they joined the opposite party. The Huguenots had nothing to be proud of in forming such an alliance, but as it promised to be of great service to them, they did not feel justified in refusing it. Since then Messieurs de Tournoi—as they have been called in derision—have lived joyously and prospered abundantly. They seize and ransom travellers, rob farm-houses, surprise armed châteaux, tax heavily the surrounding villages—in short, they are very truly called the terror of the country."

"And has nobody ever thought of destroying this nest of cut-throats?" cried Raoul.

"A hundred times, only Monsieur le Marquis de Canillac, the governor of the province for the king, has not yet been able to make up his mind to undertake the task. Messieurs de Tournoi are three hundred in number, and everyone of them daring enough to face the devil himself; their château is all but impregnable, they have a large stock of powder, and six cannons. All these considerations weigh against the idea of attacking them."

"And can you believe," cried Raoul, indignantly, "that such abuses could be carried on with impunity, if the nation, instead of being divided into twenty different parties, recognized alone the royal authority? Is not your heart torn by the spectacle of the numberless calamities with which the poor people are now oppressed?"

"Not the least in the world, my dear friend," replied the captain. "If there were but one party in France, I should like to know how one would employ one's self? Only a single master to serve—only one side to gain anything from—'death! one would die of sheer dullness!'"

"I'll not discuss that matter further with you, captain. What is your purpose in seeking Messieurs de Tournoi? What advantage do you expect to obtain from their assistance, supposing they agree to assist you?"

"To afford me a support against the Marquis de la Tremblais, and to shield you from his resentment; for the more I reflect, the more I dread the consequences that may result from your conduct, my dear friend. Come up with me to my room, on the table of which, I recollect there is a flask of excellent Saint-Pourçain. Before parting, perhaps for ever, we may as well at least clink glasses together."

Five minutes later, seated face to face and glass in hand, the two friends resumed their conversation.

"My dear Raoul," said De Maurevert, "our friendship is of such a recent date—we have had so few opportunities for talking on matters of business—that this interview had become indispensable. It will enable us to regulate and understand our relative positions. Is it agreeable to you to enter on this subject?"

"By all means, captain."

"I shall have to begin with a painful avowal," said De Maurevert, as nearly blushing as it was possible for him to blush under any circumstances perhaps. "I cannot hide from you, my dear friend, that I have one ridiculous weakness—I hold to loving and being beloved! No doubt that astonishes you, as it does me; but so it is. I will not discuss the matter—I only state the fact. Don't imagine, however, that I refer to the fooleries of Master Cupid! I admire pretty women prodigiously, and court their good graces with spirit when time serves, but never attach the least importance to my successes. No lady, gentle or simple, has ever for more than a second troubled my repose. What I hold to is to be loved by a good, bold and loyal companion—one who will not cast a stone at me if I commit some little error of conduct, and who, when the hour of danger has come, will handsomely lend me the help of his sword. The alliance I propose to you, my dear chevalier, will not in the least fetter your liberty of action. Each will remain master of himself, to employ as he thinks best his activity and intelligence. We will not share our gains, and you have no idea what strength that arrangement will give to our partnership. Two men bound together in that way are as good as ten! So, if my proposition suits you we have only to fix a term for our agree-

ment and all is said. My usual custom is to engage for a year; if that time, however, appears to you too long or too short, I am quite willing to meet your views, whatever they may be."

"Captain De Maurevert," replied Raoul, with difficulty repressing a strong inclination to smile, "it would be extremely ungrateful on my part to refuse your offer. Have I not been the cause of your drawing down upon yourself the enmity of the Marquis de la Tremblais?"

"Excuse me, Raoul," interrupted Maurevert, "gratitude has nothing to do with the matter in hand; but only sympathy. Do not let the recollection of anything that has passed in the least influence your determination. Does my character satisfy you—yes, or no? That is the whole question."

"I doubt, captain, whether you and I hold the same opinions; but nevertheless, your manners exhibit a frankness which I highly esteem. With all my heart, therefore, I accept your friendship."

"We contract an alliance, then? For how long?—a year?"

"For a year let it be."

De Maurevert rose and held out his hand.

"I swear by my share of Paradise, on my honor as a gentleman, on my sword and dagger," he said, gravely, "to lend you during an entire year, my dear Sforzi, in any place and under any circumstances, whenever you may please to call upon me, a disinterested, energetic, and loyal support—short of committing sacrilege, or of rendering myself an accomplice in murder."

Raoul rose in turn, and repeated this oath.

"Now, captain," he continued, "one last question: by what chance is it that I find you free of all other engagement?"

"Alas, my dear Raoul—simply because, the day before yesterday, I killed my late partner."

"Killed your late partner, captain!" cried Raoul, hardly trusting his ears.

"To my extreme satisfaction, dear friend. For ten months I had been counting the months, the days, the minutes that had to pass before I regained my liberty! For a whole year I had given no signs of impatience—never once failed in the politeness and attention required by the terms of our association. He—I am speaking of my companion—behaved like a lout; the fool mistook my honesty and gentleness for weakness. Tudieu!—I perfectly proved to him how great was his mistake; I left him on the floor, pierced with more than twenty good dagger thrusts! A magnificent duel, chevalier; it would have delighted you to see it! Now let us drink a last glass of Saint-Pourçain to the prosperity of our alliance."

The captain emptied at a draught the immense cup he had filled to the brim, then rose and began to buckle on his cuirass.

"Tell me frankly, my dear companion," he said to Raoul, while proceeding with his warlike toilet, "what is your own character?—a free confession on your part will spare me the trouble of studying you."

"Your question is a singular one, captain, and somewhat embarrasses me. A man never knows himself; he easily accepts his defects and vices as good qualities and virtues. However, I will try and answer you as well as I can. I believe there is some goodness in me, for the sight of a worthy action sends a thrill through my heart, as the recital of a magnanimous deed brings the tears to my eyes and rouses my admiration. There are hours, however, when my blood revolts against my feelings—terrible hours, when, under the domination of an indescribable fury, I cease to be master of myself. Woe to whoever dares to oppose my blind will—he is a dead man! After the crisis, I experience a profound depression of spirits, an immense disgust of life; I think of withdrawing from the world—I dream of the calm of a convent, of the repose of the grave. There is in me also, captain, a sap of youth that alarms me. Sometimes I feel the want of luxury and riches, a thirst for pleasures, a fever of activity absolutely unbearable. I am at these times obliged to exert an almost superhuman force of will to resist the whirlwind on which I am being borne along. A moment's weakness, and I should be lost! My passions unchained would take the upper hand! This consciousness of my defects makes me mistrustful, restless. I fear my impetuosity; I keep a ceaseless watch over myself. What has hitherto saved me from many mishaps is my stubbornness of purpose. When I purpose to gain any object, or see a difficulty before me, nothing can turn me from my path until I achieve my end, or overcome the difficulty. Is this a quality or a defect? I know not. For the rest, captain, I believe I have a good heart and a bad head."

Maurevert had listened to Raoul with deep attention.

"Dear friend," he said, after a short silence, "the portrait you have drawn of yourself appears to me to be a tolerably good likeness. Your defects are of a kind either to bring you to great trouble or to splendid fortune. I prefer a hundred times a fiery, high-handed, audacious, and headstrong man, to a modest and peaceable sage. The first takes, while he is young, his place on a throne or on a scaffold; while the second remains all his life in deplorable obscurity, and dies in an idiotic old age. Life is movement, struggle, adventure! Tudieu!—I fancy our companionship will not be unproductive, but will make a noise in the world and give rise to something both unforeseen and striking! Nothing could be better than the joining of your impetuosity with my experience. I am delighted with myself for having known how to recognize your merits."

and conclude an alliance with you! There! now I am cuirassed, spurred, armed, and ready to enter on the campaign. Let us go down stairs."

"But, captain, if your absence should be prolonged, I cannot remain here indefinitely a prisoner."

De Maurevert was silent for a moment before answering.

"Frankly, chevalier," he said, "the demoiselle Diane is one of the best looking and most delicious creatures I have ever seen. You are afraid, you mean, that I may be too long away. If I am not back in four days, I allow you to take the road."

"Very well, captain, I will wait four days for you."

The two companions of fortune gave each other the accolade, the servants on guard at the postern let down the drawbridge, and de Maurevert, proudly seated in his saddle, his hand on the stock of his arquebuse, his ear on the alert, and his eyes keenly on the watch, went off at a heavy trot of his powerful horse.

Raoul, after watching his retreating figure for a few moments, turned towards the garden of the château, where Diane—doubtless not in the least expecting the young man would visit that spot—had already been for upwards of half an hour.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTERY OF RAOUL'S LIFE.

The three days which followed the departure of Captain de Maurevert passed on in a dream for Raoul, intoxicated as he was by the intellect, beauty and graces of Diane, whose company he hardly quitted for an instant, forgetting, so to speak, the dangers by which he was environed. Sometimes, indeed, he felt almost grateful to the hatred of the Marquis de la Tremblais, to which he owed the delightful society of the Demoiselle d'Erlanges.

When, however, the fourth day—the day which gave him back his liberty of action—was passing away without bringing him any news of De Maurevert, Raoul began seriously to think about the prolonged absence of his companion. In arms, and to regret not having accompanied him in his perilous enterprise, in spite of his refusal.

"I greatly fear, mademoiselle," he said to Diane, "the poor captain has fallen a victim to his temerity. Honor calls on me to abandon my inaction. Be so good, then as to give me one of your trusted servants who knows the country, and can guide me to the Château de Tournoi."

"What, chevalier!" cried Diane in a trembling voice, and turning very pale, "can you be thinking of quitting Taube?—oh! it is to incur certain death. Our house is surrounded by spies; you would hardly cross the drawbridge before a bullet would pierce your heart. You must remain here, chevalier—I beg, I entreat you to remain."

"Mademoiselle," replied Raoul, with an emotion equal to that exhibited by Diane, "the generous interest you deign to show in my fate only the more confirms me in my resolution. To abandon Captain de Maurevert at the moment, perhaps, when he is invoking the aid of my arm, would be for ever to dishonor myself, and render me for ever unworthy of your esteem."

Diane reflected, and after a short pause, replied:

"You are right, chevalier. A gentleman must not fail to do his duty, whatever may happen. If I were a man, I should not hesitate to hasten to the captain's assistance! At the same time, courage does not exclude prudence. To venture out of the château in the day-time would be the height of folly; wait at least till night has set in before starting on your journey. For your guide, I will send with you Lehardy, a trustworthy, faithful man, incapable of an unworthy act. Rather than betray you, he would suffer himself to be cut in pieces."

This conversation took place in the garden of the château. Diane sent one of her women to summon Lehardy, who immediately presented himself before his young mistress.

"Lehardy," said Diane, in accents of marked kindness, "I am going to entrust you with a mission at once dangerous and delicate—that is, to conduct Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi to the Château de Tournoi. May I count on your good-will?"

Lehardy was a man about fifty years of age. The crabbed expression of his face and the roughness of his movements did not at the first glance tell in his favor; he appeared ill-tempered, rough, sullen. On closer examination, however, the expression of his eyes spoke so clearly of honesty and frankness as to alter completely the first impression formed of him.

For nearly a century—and the occurrence was common at that epoch, rare as it has become in our days—the family of Lehardy had furnished servants to the house of D'Erlanges. At the question put to him by his young mistress, Lehardy made an ungraceful movement; and, in tones that expressed without concealment his ill-humor, replied:

"If you order me to accompany the chevalier, mademoiselle, I have only to go with him, however, unpleasant the duty may be. To go to the Château de Tournoi—one might as well at once set out for the infernal regions!"

"My good Lehardy," said Diane, gently, "you know as well as I what obligation we were under to Monsieur de Sforzi. Is it not to his having undertaken our defence that he owes his present embarrassment? It would be an ill

request of his kindness to refuse the first service he asks of us. If it is so disagreeable to you to accompany the chevalier, however, I will employ another of my servants in the duty."

"Give another servant a duty intended for me, mademoiselle!" cried Lehardy, his voice trembling with emotion. "You look on me, then, as a traitor and a wretch! You have no confidence in my devotion or honesty! Mademoiselle, this is not right of you to treat me so! Never did I think to feel such pain as you have caused me now! It is not right—it is not right!"

Tears, which Lehardy tried in vain to drive back with his doubled fist, trembled in his eyes. Diane, moved by the sight of his distress, took his hand in hers.

"You have mistaken the sense of what I said, Lehardy," she remarked, kindly. "I would not for the world wound you in your just pride, as a servant who has been attached to me from the hour of my birth, and has never failed in his attachment. You received my request with so much repugnance that I feared to vex you by insisting further."

"You vex me, mademoiselle!" cried the old servant with emotion; "is that possible? I was in the wrong, mademoiselle. Every one has his faults; forgive my ill-temper. So far from not liking to go with Monsieur Sforzi, I'm delighted with the opportunity of serving him. I'll go and saddle the horses at once."

"Stay, Lehardy," said Diane. "Monsieur le Chevalier does not intend to set out before nightfall."

"I am glad of that," replied the old servant with a sigh of relief. "I was thinking that to cross the drawbridge in the open daylight would be anything but prudent. Monsieur," he continued, after a few moments' hesitation, "ever since your arrival at Tauve, I have been haunted by the wish to ask you a question—will you permit me to ask it?"

"What is it, my friend?" asked Raoul.

"Well, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I want to know is, whether you are of this country—whether your family belongs to Auvergne?"

"In what way does the origin of my family concern you?"

"A matter of pure curiosity, I assure you, Monsieur le Chevalier. I fancied that your face was not unknown to me; your features recall some confused remembrances to my mind—but so indistinctly that I cannot fix them. Possibly I may have had the honor of seeing your father."

These words produced an extraordinary impression on Sforzi. He turned pale, his head drooped upon his chest, and a cloud of deep sadness overshadowed his brow.

By degrees he recovered himself, raised his head, and a glance of pride shot from his bright blue eyes, as with a firm though sad voice he addressed Diane:

"Mademoiselle," he said, "the time I have spent in the Château de Tauve will probably leave no trace on your existence, no remembrance in your mind. It may appear to you presumptuous and indiscreet, that I should address you upon matters that must be totally indifferent to you. Still I beg of you to accord me a moment's attention. So highly do I prize your good opinion, I would not, for the price of my life, that a calumny which my death or absence might prevent my denying should at any time find an entrance into your mind."

"Speak, Chevalier," cried Diane, with more warmth than was warranted, perhaps, by the strictest rules of maidenly propriety. "After the devotion that you have shown for my mother, nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to me."

She made a sign to two of her women who had been seated by her side, employed with their embroidery frames, to leave her, and then turned to Raoul.

"You will permit Lehardy to remain, I think, Chevalier Sforzi?" she said.

"You anticipate my wish, mademoiselle; I was about to make the same request to you. Who knows but that your servant's memory, refreshed by my story, may not render me a great service, by dispelling the shadows which on all sides envelope me."

Raoul seated himself by Diane's side, and, after reflecting for a moment, continued:

"The recollections which I have preserved of my earliest years are so confused that, even at this moment, I ask myself whether reality has not mixed itself up with fiction in my mind. I seem to remember a magnificent château, numerous servants, splendid entertainments, men-at-arms in brilliant armor. The sad, gentle, and angelic figure of a woman dominates the impression of my earliest years. This woman must have been good, and loved me with a profound affection, for I have preserved a fervent devotion, a true adoration for her memory, and infancy is endowed with an instinct that is rarely deceived."

"My existence began with an odious crime—a horrible mystery. At the age of three or four years, as I suppose, a company of free-lances on their way through Auvergne to Savoy, found me in a forest, stabbed with a poniard, and giving no sign of life. Either out of curiosity or pity, the mistress of one of the company dressed my wound, and took me with her. A year afterwards the mercenaries were cut to pieces in a terrible fight, and I found myself once more abandoned to all the hazards of fate. This time it was a noble Italian, the Chevalier Sforzi, whom heaven sent to my rescue. He found me in the midst of a pile of dead, and, before dying, the woman who had saved me in Auvergne had sufficient strength to tell him all she knew of my history."

"My benefactor, the Chevalier Sforzi, was

gifted with great scientific wisdom as well as boundless goodness of heart. He watched over and tended me with all the affectionate care of a mother, and near him I passed the years of a happy and unclouded youth. When I had attained the age of twenty the Chevalier Sforzi recalled me from the University of Florence, where he had sent me to complete my studies."

"My dear boy," he said to me, "you have now reached the age of manhood, and must think of determining on a career. My fortune is a very modest one. I live very much out of the world, and possess no influence at Court. You must not greatly count upon me, therefore. The only thing I can offer you is my name—a name pure and stainless, it is true, but which will bring you neither honors, dignities, nor riches. I should have been glad to see you devote yourself to science; but after a close and careful examination of your character, I have arrived at the conviction that your fiery temperament would never bend to the duties of a calm and studious life. Your impetuosity requires the ardor of the struggle—the fatigues of battle."

"Yes, father," I cried, "to follow the career of arms is the fixed idea of my days—the dream of my nights."

"So be it, Raoul," he replied; "obey your vocation. The career of arms presents a generous and chivalrous side, to a certain extent ennobling violence itself. Only never forget that the sword in your hands becomes the dagger of an assassin when, carried away by ambition, or blinded by interest, you place it at the service of a lord in revolt against his legitimate sovereign. The royal power, my son, is a barrier raised between the tyranny of the great and the welfare of the people. He who serves the king defends liberty, and liberty is the holiest of all things human!"

"I have waited till you were become a man," he continued, "before entering upon a question which interests you in the highest degree. By the exercise of great pains and expense, Raoul, I have succeeded in learning the secret of your birth. Control your excitement, my son; he went on in a tone of sadness. "Has my adoption weighed so heavily upon you till now that you are in haste to repudiate it? Raoul, you know that I never speak falsely; well, then, on my honor, it is solely for your good that I hide from you the name of your father, for it is your father—horrible to say—who ordered you to be murdered in your infancy. At some future time, when heaven has called away the guilty—when I have no longer to fear for your life, I will tell you your true name; but I may now tell you, Raoul, you belong to a noble and illustrious family."

"The day after our conversation I took leave of the excellent Chevalier Sforzi, and entered into the service of the Low Countries. My commencement was lamentable. I took part in the surprise and sack of the city of Antwerp by the Spanish. After the death of Count Egmont, I fled from the Low Countries and took refuge in Savoy. Duke Philibert-Emmanuel received me with the highest distinction and kindness, and I received a company. I was living happy and respected when, about fifteen months ago, a terrible misfortune came to change my existence. I learned that the Chevalier Sforzi had been assassinated. The crime was imputed to a man of high rank, but vile and cruel, whom my adoptive father had had the boldness to libel. I hastened back to Italy, where I had hardly arrived before I was arrested and thrown into prison. The assassin dreaded my vengeance. It required the intervention of the Duke of Savoy to get me out of this dangerous position; further—for the influence enjoyed by the murderer of the Chevalier Sforzi was extreme—my liberty was only granted me on condition that I quitted Italy."

"I ascertained that the papers of my unfortunate adoptive father had been seized, and I was informed that no portion of his inheritance would belong to me. By a happy and singular chance, I met a noble Venetian who had raised the noble chevalier after he had been mortally wounded, and had attended on him in his last moments. The last thoughts of the generous and unfortunate Chevalier Sforzi were of me and my future."

"Promise me to go and find my adopted son, now in the service of the Duke of Savoy," he had murmured in the ear of the Venetian. "Tell him that his birthplace is Auvergne—and that his name is—". At the moment of pronouncing the name of my family, my adoptive father was seized with a nervous spasm which did not leave him during the few minutes that he still lived."

Raoul paused at this point of his story, his emotion being too great to allow him to proceed. Diane, not less moved than himself, with difficulty restrained her tears. After a long silence he went on:

"I am tempted to believe, mademoiselle, that I am pursued by fatality. Hardly had I returned to Savoy, in the month of August, last year, than Duke Philibert-Emmanuel sank under an attack of fever. For a short time I remained in Savoy, till I could put my affairs in order, and then, free of all engagement, took the road to France, resolved to search Auvergne until I had found my family and recovered my rank. Will heaven watch over me and second me in my efforts? I dare hardly hope so much! My commencement here is of ill augury. Ah, I am unjust, mademoiselle! But for the infamy of the Marquis de la Tremblais, I should not have had the happiness of seeing and knowing you; and, I know not why, but a presentiment tells me that this meeting will bring me good fortune."

During Raoul's recital, Lehardy had never

ceased to look at him with the keenest attention. Several times the old servant had appeared about to interrupt the narrative; but after a brief hesitation, had continued to maintain silence.

"Yes," he muttered to himself, "he would now be about the chevalier's age! I remember the passage of the free lances; I was then eighteen. After all, the murder was never affirmed by any one; sinister suppositions were built on the disappearance of the infant, certainly; but nothing more. Bah! it is, perhaps, only a fancy of mine; I'll keep my opinion to myself, resting as it does on no solid foundation. He would take it for an insult if I were to state it to him, and he would be quite justified in doing so."

Four hours later, while the darkness of night enveloped the Château de Tauve, two horsemen rode noiselessly over the drawbridge; they were the Chevalier Sforzi and Lehardy, setting forth on their perilous journey.

Diane, kneeling in her chamber, prayed for their safety.

(To be continued.)

DUSENBERRY'S SERENADE.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

I met Dusenberry in Viger Garden. He was seated on one of the wooden benches which are placed there for the accommodation of the weary pedestrians. His face was the very picture of despair, and his neglected locks hung around his melancholy visage like "sea-weed round a clam!" as Lord Byron has it.

Knowing the peculiar habits of my dejected friend, I gazed upon him with astonishment. What, I asked myself, could have wrought this wondrous change in one whom I had ever known as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form?" I took a seat by his side and gently asked him "How he found himself?"

He slowly raised his head, regarded me with a heart-breaking expression, and languidly shook me by the hand. Then heaving a deep sigh, which seemed to come from the very bottom of his soul, he dropped his chin upon his breast again.

"What's the matter?" I asked, soothingly.

"Nothing," he replied, in a tragic voice; "leave—leave me to die alone!"

"Die? nonsense! You look hearty enough to live twenty years yet," exclaimed I, laughingly; and thinking I might joke him out of this fit of the blues, I indulged in a few pleasantries at his expense.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound," said Dusenberry, in a plaintive voice, while the tears stood in his eyes.

I began to think that my poor friend was either mad or in love; but as the symptoms of the two complaints are so much alike, I was obliged to question him.

"You are in love?" asked I.

"Deeply, desperately, despairingly!" returned the unhappy Dusenberry.

"Never despair, man. Think of the old proverb—'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady,' yet."

"I did think of it. It was my watch-word. What man could do, I did; but it was of no use. Cruel Araminta! she has blighted my warm affections as Jack Frost nips the tender blossoms!" Dusenberry groaned.

"Araminta? You don't mean the daughter of old Simkins, the retired grocer, who lives in Dorchester Street?"

"The same—unfeeling coquette!"

"What, did she jilt you?"

"Worse—she—bear with me, my thoughts are wool-gathering. I know it will make me look sheepish, but you shall hear how I have been treated. I'm the victim of a hopeless passion. It will be the death of me, I know it will; and the coroner's verdict will be—'Died of too much Araminta Simkins.'"

"I met her first at a ball. 'Twas through my eyes the shaft pierced my heart. I fell in love with her at first sight. I sought for an introduction. I obtained it. I solicited the honor of her hand for the next set; she was engaged. I had the felicity to secure her for the one after that. It was a waltz. Words are vain to paint the delirium of my joy as we swept in giddy circles over the polished floor."

"That night, as I reclined upon my sleepless pillow, I did nothing but think of Araminta Simkins; and when at last sleep closed my eyelids, I dreamed of the bright enchantress of my waking thoughts."

"We stood before the altar, Araminta and myself, her hand fast locked in mine. Old Simkins was there, radiant with smiles and a new suit of black clothes. He bestowed his daughter and his blessing—ten thousand dollars—on me, while the tears hung trembling in his venerable eyes. The reverend man commenced the ceremony, when just at that interesting and critical moment a tremendous thunder-clap resounded over my head. I awoke with a start. The chamber-maid was pounding away at my door, and informed me in a high pitched octave that it was ten o'clock. The vision was dissipated; but its brightness hung like a sweet perfume around my memory. As I dressed myself, with more than my usual care, I considered the best method of popping the question. I resolved upon a moonlight serenade. What could be more romantic? I took down my guitar and practised for the remainder of the day."

"Night came at last, though I had begun to have some doubts on the subject, my impatience was so great. The moon shone calmly in the heavens; and, placing my guitar carefully under my arms, I sallied forth like a troubadour of the olden time, to woo my mistress with a moving lay. It would be impossible to describe my sensations as I stood beneath her window, which looked on a balcony, and tuned my guitar. Presently I commenced. It was rather chilly, and my fingers got so numb that I could hardly feel the strings; but I poured my whole soul into the words, and went it strong."

"A female form appeared at the window, gazed out for a moment, and then pulled the curtain down. This I took to be an invitation delicately conveyed. Impelled by feelings natural to the romantic situation in which I was placed, without a moment's thought I commenced shinning up the balcony. After several imminent escapes from breaking my neck, I succeeded in gaining the balcony; but not before I had fractured my new doekskins in several places. I raised the window gently, pushed aside the curtain, and stepped into the apartment. I beheld the lovely Araminta; and rushing forward I threw myself at her feet. She greeted my appearance with a tremendous scream, made a dive for the door, and disappeared. I stood bewildered for a moment; suddenly it struck me that a retreat might save me from cutting a ridiculous figure. I made for the balcony and commenced lowering myself into the street. I landed safely in the arms of two policemen, who, notwithstanding all my protestations, insisted on taking me to the police station as a burglar!"

"I submitted to my fate, and was led like a lamb to the sacrifice. The sergeant in charge proved to be a trump, for, on my explaining matters to him, he protested that it was a 'devilish good joke,' and discharged me forthwith."

"I hastened to my own domicile in a state of mind much easier imagined than described."

Dusenberry paused—his tale was terminated. "Have you not seen the fair Araminta since?" I asked.

"No; my nose is out of joint there."

"What, have you resigned all hope?"

"Yes," said Dusenberry, poetically.

"No star befriends me, To each sad day succeeds a dismal morrow, And still 'tis hopeless love and endless sorrow!"

I bade Dusenberry a good-day, and left him. I did not think his case so desperate as he himself imagined. I called upon Miss Araminta Simkins, and in the course of conversation I discovered that Dusenberry was not entirely indifferent to her. "Upon this hint, I spoke," and recounted the nocturnal adventure of Dusenberry, whom, it is hardly necessary to say, she did not recognize that night, as a proof of his love.

"She loved him for the danger he had passed," and the result of my mediation was that Dusenberry espoused the fair Araminta and verified the truth of the old "saw" that "all's well, that ends well!"

A SHARK'S JAWS.

Perhaps one of the most formidable weapon possessed by any fish is the natural and terrible pair of shears formed by the jaws of the shark. The only parallel weapons of offense that can be cited as used by man would perhaps be the spiked portcullis, but the future may present us with steam shears, with blades ten feet long, and intended to receive cavalry—who knows? There is no telling where the ingenuity of modern inventors in the destructive line may lead us. But there are not many instruments so efficient for their purpose as the tooth of a shark. It is difficult to handle one freely without cutting one's fingers; and when we consider the tremendous leverage of shark's jaws employed against each other like scissers, armed with rows of lancets, it is evident that nothing in the shape of flesh, gristle, or bone, could withstand them. Their capacity, too, is equal to their powers, for a pair of jaws taken from a shark of not more than nine feet long has been known to be passed down over the shoulders and body of a man six feet high without inconvenience. It was thought to be an act of very unusual strength and dexterity on the part of Emperor Commodus to cut a man in two at one blow, but the jaws of the white shark find no difficulty whatever in executing that feat. The vast number of teeth contained in a shark's jaw has been accounted for by some writers on the hypothesis that they are erected when the shark seizes its prey, at all other times lying flat on their sides. It is now, however, more generally admitted that the shark only employs the outer row of teeth, and that the inner ones are a provision of nature against an accident which is, and must be, a very common one when the implements are considered, and the force with which they are employed—namely, the breaking of a tooth. In this case the corresponding tooth on the inside becomes erect, and is by degrees pushed forward into the place of a broken one—a wondrous and very necessary provision to keep so delicate and powerful an apparatus as the shark's jaw always in order.

THOUGH an honest merchant is a plain dealer, a carpenter is a deal plainer.

For the Favorite.

THE CHARITY BALL.

BY LETTICE THORPE.

A gleaming of satin and jewels,
And twinkling of daintiest shoon,
Cheeks bright as the roses of summer,
And eyes like the radiance of noon;
Fair shoulders, whose lavish revealing
The novice, perhaps, might appal,
A vision of gladness and beauty
Indeed is the Charity Ball.

Forms graceful and buoyant, pursuing
The German's bewildering lead,
In gentle surrender, alluring
Endearments, by fashion decreed
Quite the thing, altho' grimly the cynic
Observes, with his face to the wall,
That the pure "Touch-me-not" is the rarest
Of all the rare flowers at the ball.

But who is you modest intruder,
With eyes shyly bent on the floor,
No costly allurements to lend her
The charms prudent gallants adore?
The beauties of innocence only,
Whose list of adorers is small;
How cometh this modest Lavinia
Amid the proud dames of the ball?

"How pretty her face!" young De Maurice
Speaks low, with half-questioning smile,
"Her form like Medicean Venus,
Tho' sadly deficient in style."
And "Minnie," all laces and jewels,
Who floats like a sylph through the hall,
Whispers—"Who ever saw such a figure
Appear at a Charity Ball?"

Washed muslin! No modiste, I'll wager,
Expended her skill on that dress,
Good heavens! not even a panier,
She ne'er will be blamed for excess
Of trimming or outward adornment,
No ribbons, or flounces, or fall,
Even of lace—how vastly strong-minded
To come in such plight to the ball!

The whisper is heard;—brightest crimson
Illumines the cheek's modest bloom;
"Your pardon, dear ladies, I meekly
Beseech, that I thus should presume
To mar this fair scene, but most truly
I dreamed there was welcome for all
Who humbly desired to contribute
Their mite at a Charity Ball."

Alas! for the lessons of fashion,
Alas! for the rulings of pride,
To jostle the heart's purest impulse
Thus rudely and coarsely aside.
Are these the sweet graces of woman,
To sneeringly cavil at all
Who come not in gorgeous apparel
To shine at a Charity Ball?

Kind angels of mercy that hover
O'er haunts of the wretched and low
Heed little what mantle may cover
The forms of their agents below.
The offerings of love, how'er humble,
May win a rich blessing for all,
Prized far above laces and jewels
Displayed at a Charity Ball.
CHICAGO, ILL.

For the Favorite.

A DEVOTED WOMAN.

BY NED. P. MAH,

OF MONTREAL.

CHAPTER I.

It had been a blazing hot day in Hamburg. So the sun-burnt sailors in the harbor would have told you; so the almost melting firemen of the illiputian steamers on the Alster basin would have told you; so the grumbling, lazy, discontented clerks in offices melting in their very shirt sleeves or gauziest of gauze coats would have told you; so the few ladies who braved the heat on shopping expeditions would have told you; so the pedestrians forced to foot the glaring pavés, or necessitated to make business journeys in or upon the city omnibuses would have told you; so above all, could he have spoken, the miserable third horse condemned for some insupportable equine offence to alternate staggering down hill without a load, and staggering up hill with two exhausted screws and a lumbering vehicle behind him, with, drooping thirst-parched tongue, and hoofs like red hot brick-bats, would have told you too.

But now the heat and toil of the day were past, and the pleasure-seekers had begun to emerge, and the café doors were thronged by listless loungers smoking and drinking mocha and absinthe, and cooling beverages *à fresco* and quizzing the promenaders as they sauntered past.

Upon the lawn of one of those charming villas, on the further side of the basin, a little family party were engaged at croquet. The players were as follows:—Mr. Chapel of the firm of Chapel, Rosencranz & Co., the well

known Chicory merchants, clad in white raiment with a huge panama surmounting his head. Mrs. Chapel, fat, fair and forty-two. Frank Chapel, son and heir, a chip of the old block. Laura Chapel, a glorious maiden of nineteen with a golden wreath of shining hair, deep, dark wonderfully blue eyes, pearly teeth, rosebud lips and witching dimples, the image of what her mother, still reckoned a fine woman was reputed to have been at her age. Fanny Chapel, barely fifteen yet, only budding, but giving great promise of future beauty, and Tom Burton, the son of an old college friend and valued correspondent of Chapel, père, who had been for some months his guest.

Tom Burton though not yet thirty had already acquired that listless manner and the expression of extreme melancholy and immobility of the facial muscles, which, usually the result of dissipation, when united with regularity of feature and the enhancing charm of a silky drooping moustache, elicit from ladies the epithet of "interesting."

That he was already an object of interest to pretty Laura Chapel it needed no very close observation to discover. She was at his side much oftener than the mere exigencies of the game required, and when she made any remark or even replied to some observation of his own, would frequently enforce his attention by placing her little fingers on his sleeve, evidently yielding to that impulse which is sometimes apparently almost irresistible in some women to touch the man she loves.

"Oh, that's mean of you,—that's an Americanism I believe,—don't laugh at me, please, I caught it of a Canadian family papa knows," she said as with a careless swing of the mallet he croquetted her. "It's really cruel."

"Cruel is a hard word," he said. "I could scarcely imagine any one being intentionally cruel to you," and the melancholy eyes shone down on her with a world of admiration.

She answered with a glance that did not seem to threaten, whatever might be his treatment of her, any reciprocation of cruelty to him.

And presently when chance gave him another opportunity of spoiling her game, he forbore to take advantage, and only placed her ball in a better position.

"You are not cruel, now," she said, and the finger tips, quite unnecessarily, rested again for a moment on his arm, "or are you only unlucky?"

"No, not unlucky, I think," he replied. "We Burtons have the reputation of throwing away our luck."

"People need be fortunate to afford to do that," she said.

"Perhaps to be always lucky is not to be always happy," returned he epigrammatically.

And so the light interchange of words went on, the interchange of slight, unmeaning nothings which may lead to such dangerous results when it occurs between two young handsome people who are constantly associated. Perhaps, some such idea struck Mrs. Chapel presently, for with some excuse about the heavy dew she took an opportunity to stop the game and led the way into the house.

"Laura, my dear," she said later on coming into her daughter's room before retiring to rest, "I want to speak to you seriously about your conduct to Tom. You really must not give him so much encouragement, indeed encouragement is scarcely the word to use, for any one watching you would say that you are really more enterprising with him than he with you. Do you know you were always at his elbow to-night. Recollect that he is not your brother and such conduct might appear to a stranger almost a little unmaidenly."

"Oh! mamma," cried Laura, shocked. "I know," proceeded the matron, "that there is nothing farther from my daughter's thought or wish than to be or to seem bold, and I know that you are actuated merely by the innocent impulses of a young and friendly nature. But young people who are thrown together sometimes begin to like each other almost before they are themselves aware, and it is the duty of their elders to warn them in time. Tom is the son of one of your father's oldest and dearest friends, and both he and I have the liveliest interest in his welfare. But I know that papa has other desires with regard to you, that he would never wish you to be other than Tom than a valued friend. Now will you promise to be a good darling, Laura, and listen to what I say and think of it and let yourself be guided by it?"

"Oh, yes, dearest mamma; pray forgive me if I have been thoughtless. I am sure I have never thought of Tom as other than a friend, but he is such a nice fellow and seems so melancholy and listless and *blasé* that one cannot be other than kind to him."

"You are my own sweet Laura," said mamma caressing her bright hair. "Be as kind to Tom as you like, only don't flirt with him; don't make love to him or do anything that may be construed into encouraging him to make love to you. Some day you will find some one better suited to give you the home, establishment, position and all the possible happiness which your father's wealth, credit and high character may demand as a right. And as to Tom leave him to me, I have a little project of my own for his disposal. And now, good night, dear, and may your dreams be none the less happy for my little lecture," and with a kiss upon her brow her mother left her.

Left her flushed, indignant, fearful. It was a long time before Laura was calm enough to go to bed, for her mother's words implied an accusation, which, were it true, she felt as though she could never forgive herself for having merited. A long time she lay with her flushed

cheeks rested on her little white hands, her wealth of golden hair streaming over her snowy night-dress, gazing with brimming eyes far away over the Alster basin fringed with its thousands of lamps and their reflections, away to the dim mass of buildings on the hill-side crowned by the towers and steeples of the churches in Altona; away to the twinkling stars, above all, brooding like myriads of guardian eyes over the dusky city and the silent water, twinkling on peaceful and chanceless, above all the troubles and the griefs and toil and wickedness of mortal haunts.

Who shall say what were her meditations or what mental conflict may have disturbed the maiden breast; or what soothing thoughts those calm stars may have sent her? But as at length with a defiant gesture she tossed back her golden tresses, she murmured to herself. "Yes, I will be motherkin's own good child and I will never love him any more, not one little, little bit," and as she spoke she clasped her hands before her with a gesture of resolve and brought them down in a half circle upon her knees.

But as Galileo leaving the council chamber recalled the recantation the rack had wrung from him, so she whispered as she flung herself upon her couch and buried her face as though to hide from the very darkness its burning blushes: "But I do like him very, very much all the same."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. CHAPEL TO MRS. CAROLINE FULLERTON.

The Folly, Blanktown, Kent.

Chapel Villa, Hamburg.

MY OWN DEAR CARRIE,—I really felt as though I would never, never forgive you for your long silence. Your gayety this winter, your many guests, your thousand parties, your wicked flirtations with that delightful Charlie, what does Mr. F. say?—I do not accept as excuses, for surely you could have stolen one little half hour for paper chat with your best friend. Nay, even your anxiety about Lottie I will not allow as a palliation for your neglect, for to whom should you confide your troubles and your cares, to whom should you turn for advice and consolation, if not to the old-fashioned little woman whom you used to call "little mother" at school?

Yet it is just this anxiety of yours about poor dear Lottie that induces me to pocket the injury, to forgive and condone all your heartless neglect of poor exiled me, and, returning good for evil, sit down in the middle of a half-finished pen-wiper—that isn't what I mean, of course, but you know what I do mean—and a whole mountain of other trumpery we are making for the Bazaar at the — Kirche, and subject to interruptions every two minutes from Tom and the girls, who are making that ill-used victim paint everything their fancy pictures on a fan of novel construction. Who is Tom, you will say. Well, that you shall know all in good time, if you will only be patient. First, I want to talk to you about Lottie and yourselves.

Poor dear Lottie! What a terrible blow Harry Innis' death must have been, and he so young and strong and handsome, and just after getting his commission too! And you say she will not be comforted, and sits stony-eyed and tearless, moping and pining and wasting away. I agree with you that instant change is necessary, but instead of going to Italy you must come here. I warrant you we will rouse Lottie from her apathy. I am certain we can interest and amuse her afterwards. And there is another reason. You know there is no cure for an attachment that is hopeless like forming another; and Tom is just the man to aid her in this. Now I am going to tell you who Tom is.

You have often heard me speak of the Burtons—the Leicestershire Burtons, you know—especially of Frederick Burton, Frank's college chum. Well, this Tom is Fred Burton's son. He is very handsome and very clever, and so listless and melancholy, poor fellow. He was very unwell when he first came out to us. He, too, I firmly believe, though he will not confess it, is the victim of an unhappy attachment, and we thought he was going into consumption, for once we found his pillow flecked with blood. He is a great deal better now, but he has so endeared himself to all in the house that none of us will hear of his going away. He has an allowance of two hundred a year from his father.

Now, it is to this delightful fellow—and he is so fascinating that I declare to you I have a kindness for him myself—that I want you to introduce Lottie. I am sure she will soon forget all about Harry when she sees Tom, and if a match come of it, where's the harm? He is hardly rich enough for Lottie, perhaps, but then he has expectations, and until they are realized she has enough for both.

Now, persuade Mr. F. to try the experiment, do. Just pack up and start! Our house is yours as long as ever you wish to make it so, and really you will find it charmingly situated; and Frank and I will try to make you comfortable. Do come!

I could fill up pages with chit-chat about our city friends and our neighbors over here, but will reserve our gossip till we meet, and when I have despatched this, return to, not my nuttens, but my pen-wiper.

Forgive my hasty scrawl, every word of which I beg you will patiently make out and consider favorably, and comply with like a dear, darling, amiable little Carrie, and believe me,

Your loving

BABIE CHAPEL.

CHAPTER III.

Tom Burton, sitting on a green ridge forming one side of a small ravine upon the highest point of the Bruyères, near St. Omer, which he found a splendid point of vantage from which to obtain a view of the far landscape in which the distant spires of Cassel gleam like silver needles among the trees; Tom Burton, on a broiling hot day, shaded somewhat inefficiently by an old green silk umbrella and painting away viciously, washing in and sponging out, and altogether working with a most dissatisfied air at the sketch which he intended on a future day to reproduce on canvas; Tom Burton, hot, thirsty, and left to his own reflections, was not a happy specimen, could we have opened the windows of his bosom and inspected his sad heart, of the *genus homo*. Outwardly, however, he presented the appearance merely of a flushed, chestnut-haired, moustached and very handsome artist, seated cross-legged and cramped upon the grass and working very hard.

He had been reviewing for the hundredth time the circumstances of his life since his meeting with the Chapels.

"What the deuce," he exclaimed mentally, "made that little fool Laura turn skittish all of a sudden. If she would have had me, I had been twice as happy and fifty times better. What on earth could have induced her to act like an idiot, for if she had my interest at heart, as she pretended, she would never have turned me over to Lottie. And what has Lottie done for me? Forced me to be civil to her, a woman I never liked and never can like, forced me, by the very abjectness of her submission, to treat with tenderness one whom I despise. Why can't these women see that we despise them when they knuckle down so? Why don't they pluck up a little spirit and have opinions of their own. We like sensible women, not mere automatons, painted dolls. She made my life a misery; one long hypocrisy—would it were at an end. Why doesn't she die? What should I do then? At least I should not be more unhappy; at least I could be dissipated once more, and kill myself, I suppose. Ah, well! a short life and a merry one—better than a long and wretched one—and living out a life day by day and year by year."

And so he went on grumbling and washing and sponging, washing and sponging and grumbling, till presently, having obtained the requisite softness in his colors, he settled down to painting in the details upon his background; and as this work interested him more and put him in better humor, his bitter reflections had almost ceased, when he suddenly became aware, seeing through his eyelids as it were, for he never looked up, that some creature had intervened between him and the prospect, the beauties of which he was reproducing.

Then he looked up suddenly, with something of anger, for he abhorred nothing so much as to be interrupted by idle gazers and questioners, whether natives or tourists; but the anger soon died out of his eyes, for standing there, on the opposite side of the ridge, radiant as he had seen her last, in her summer dress and her golden tresses—there, in the sunshine, stood the bright vision that was seldom long absent from his mental sight, the bright vision of his Laura.

"Why, Tom, I do declare it's you!" cried the vision, fluttering across the dyke with outstretched arms, and crouching in a heap of muslin and beauty at Tom's side. "Why, you dear, disagreeable old thing, that never writes to tell us where it is, or about Lottie's health, or anything else that we want to know—to think of meeting you here! And to think that I've been here a whole week and never knew it; and Charlie's gone to Paris on business, and I was so lonely."

And Tom, who during this impulsive and somewhat incoherent address, had almost fainted, and who had experienced a sensation as though his heart had been playing at cup and ball with itself, now found voice to say:

"And who may Charlie be? And ain't you, as I thought at first you were, Laura?"

"Laura, ha-ha! Why, don't you know Laura's almost an old maid already? Oh, no; I'm not Laura, I'm Fanny. And Charlie—who should Charlie be but Charlie Prince, my own dear, darling, splendid prince of a husband!"

"So you are Fanny, are you? But how like her you've grown. And you are married; and Laura is still—still heart-free, you say?"

"I said she was almost an old maid; but about the heart free I don't know. They say she is pining for you."

"Nonsense! Didn't she tell me to marry Lottie; didn't she make me marry Lottie; didn't she do all she could to make me think she hated me?"

"And don't you know that it was just her love for you that made her do all that? She thought it was for the best—she did it for your happiness."

Laura had always seemed to Tom a good and beautiful, though somewhat capricious, woman. But this discovery canonized her at once!—she became a saint, an angel, in his eyes now.

Of course, Tom did no more to his sketch that day. He and Fanny rambled in the sunshine, over the short, odoriferous herbage of the Bruyères, stopping at a cottage to obtain a copious draught of delicious milk fresh from one of the kine that cropped the grass so closely, and chatting about old times and old friends and old scenes, till they suddenly became aware that the shadows were lengthening and they had passed hours that seemed only minutes. And then, accompanying Fanny to the door of the pretty little house, half château, half farm, at which her husband had secured lodgings, he left her, pleading anxiety for his sick wife, and hurried off in the direction

of his rooms over the hairdresser's in the Place d'Armes. But did he go there? No; he sauntered into the billiard saloon of the "Golden Lion," and played pool and carabole with choice spirits, and drank more absinthe than was good for him. And those who watched his glittering eye and steady hand as he calculated, with unerring accuracy, the angles of the most complicated caroms, and pocketed, with faultless stroke, his adversary's ball at pool, wondered what had roused him from his usual listless apathy, and thought, for the first time in their lives, that Tom Burton might be a dangerous man to cross. So, if Fanny's information had made Laura seem an angel in Tom's eyes, it transformed him almost into a demon in the eyes of others.

"Why didn't she die, this sickly wife of his?" That was the one idea that possessed him as he went home. She had disease of the heart, he knew, and Dr. Coulesang had told him it might carry her off at any time. There she lay peacefully sleeping, this weak, faded, weary, useless wife of his; and there was the pleasing alternative that she might live for years. But any sudden excitement, the doctor said, would be fatal.

Why shouldn't it carry her off now?

A diabolical idea struck him—struck him with a clearness and suddenness which would have been called inspiration had the thought been a good one, and having once conceived his crime, all the materials seemed to offer themselves to his hands with the facility that temptations to evil always do present themselves.

The accessories of the little plot were soon collected. Some phosphorus, which the hairdresser's son had used to smear his mask with at the carnival—nay, the hideous visage itself, grimy and unheeded—lay in a cobwebby corner of the room at the back; a piece of glittering beading from the untenacious wall, a white sheet from his own bed, a mahogany slat black with age, which had once formed the flaps of a little work table; these were all he needed.

Noiselessly and deftly he made his preparations. He smeared the mask with the glowing phosphorus, and wrote with the same fiery substance the words, "This night shall thy soul be required" on the slat, draped himself in the white sheet. Standing at the foot of the bed, where the moon beams shone through the uncurtained window, he passed the elastic fastening of the fiery visage over his head, clutched the emblazoned warning in his hand, and raising the glittering staff, stabbed it at his wife's breast.

With a startled spring the body of the sleeper rose half erect; the smiling lips unclosed with a spasmodic gasp; the heavy eyelids were raised and the blue eyes stared with a vacant, frightened glance. Then came a horrible convulsion and distortion of the features; and as a terrific shriek rang through the house, with a great bounding leap and wild tossing upward of the arms, the body of the victim fell back upon the pillows.

The experiment had succeeded. She was dead! Huddling out of sight the hideous paraphernalia of his disguise, Burton rushed out shirt-sleeved and hatless to the "Lion D'Or," where he found Dr. Coulesang just putting up his cue (a private cue, marked with his initials, and kept under lock and key) previous to going home, told him his wife was in convulsions, from the effects apparently of some horrible dream. Hastening to the bedside, where the corpse lay ghastly and outstretched, the doctor pronounced life extinct, certified the cause—disease of the heart;—and two days afterwards all that remained of the beautiful but unfortunate Lottie was deposited some six feet beneath the soil of a Continental cemetery.

CHAPTER IV.

Fanny Prince, in her next letter to her sister gave her a full account of her meeting with Tom and Lottie's sudden death.

"Poor Tom," she wrote, "of course, is inconceivable. His grief almost maddens him. I am afraid at times he will commit suicide or some other dreadful thing. The other day I saw him with a tumbler of cognac, which he would have swallowed but for my intervention. In my eagerness to mitigate his affliction, I have ventured to hint that he should look forward for solace to his meeting with you, which must happen in a few months, for he is to travel home with us. Laura, was I wrong in this? I know you were cruel to him once only to be kind, but, Laura, dear, it was a mistaken kindness. I am sure you will never be cruel to him any more. You must marry him some day, Laura darling, and I am sure you will make him happier than poor Lottie ever did."

The remainder of the letter was about fashions and dresses and little conjugal matters, and a world of little private frivolities and secret intelligences which it would be at once a waste of time and a breach of trust to expose.

But we, who are behind the scenes, know that it was not grief alone which rendered Tom Burton wretched. We know that a terrible secret weighed him down, a terrible secret, the weight of which, nerves shattered by the excesses and debaucheries of a stormy youth were little calculated to endure; and it was only by a constant recourse to stimulants or narcotics that he did endure the phantom that haunted him.

When he and Laura met he found her wasted, thin and pale, but still beautiful. She saw in him the haggard, shattered wreck of what was once a man.

But this did not estrange her affection from him,—nay, it even made her love him all the more, for, with the loving willingness of a devoted woman to blame herself for every ill that happens to the beloved object, she told herself

this was in a great measure her fault, that she had been weak to listen to her mother, and to trust his happiness in another's hands; and she vowed to atone in future by every means in her power for the misery he had undergone.

I little more than a year from the time that the earth had closed on Lottie, Tom and Laura stood before the altar, and at the latter was soon pained to discover that the cheerfulness which he had latterly exhibited in her presence was subject to relapses of the deepest melancholy, which, now that she had opportunities of constant observation, he was unable longer effectually to conceal from her.

"Tom," she urged, again and again, "you have some great sorrow. Tell me what it is, and divide it with me. Our sorrows are only half as hard to bear when they are shared."

And for a long time her pleadings were in vain. In vain to alleviate his pain and win his confidence, as the amusements and little excursions into the surrounding country were powerless to teach him to forget. But one day, as, after a long sail in their own pleasure-boat upon the Elbe, they reclined at eventide upon a grassy slope at Blankenese and gazed far away over the beautiful prospect towards Hanover, surrounded by pleasure seekers, and within hearing of music and dancing amid the joyous shouts of youths and maidens, it was a queer time to choose "for a confession of murder, wasn't it?"

"Husband," whispered Laura, "the sad look is creeping into your eyes again. Tell me what it is that has thus poisoned your existence, that I may know if I can ever forgive myself my weakness in entrusting your happiness to another, instead of always guarding it as jealously as I do now."

"Laura," replied Tom, glancing up at her with a kind of worship as he lay at her feet, "you were indeed weak, for you sacrificed your own happiness for a worthless wretch like me. But where you have been weak I have been criminal, for, to my love for you I sacrificed my wife. Laura," he continued, drawing himself up towards her, and sinking his voice, "they told you that Lottie died and you believed them. I tell you now," and he hissed the words in her ear, "that I killed her."

It was an ugly expression certainly, and even Laura, for a moment, turned pale and staggered mentally beneath the blow. But with a woman's deftness she soon drew from him the particulars, and becoming for the nonce a student of medical jurisprudence, constituted herself special pleader against her husband's conscience. She collected and collated cases in public prints, where men had been struck down in anger and had died, in which it had been decided that the cause was heart disease and not the blow.

"The mere fright," she argued, "never would have killed Lottie. It was a foolish trick to play on her darling, but you must not say 'twas this that made her die. And since you have, therefore nothing to fear from any earthly tribunal, let us trust, nay, are we not assured, that after your long penance of remorse and your sincere penitence, Heaven will not be less merciful? Let us live, then, none the less happily that we have a skeleton in the cupboard, for we will keep him there under lock and key, and never air him but for our own private warning; and let us expiate our past folly by teaching by our example, and enforcing by precept when necessary, that to cherish a genuine affection, and to be guided by the holy influence of true love, rather than by the sordid dictates of worldly advantage, is the truest safeguard against temptation, and the surest guarantee for happiness, here and hereafter."

Tom Burton is learning from Laura to make the happiness of others a source of happiness to himself. He is more respected, and, to all outward seeming, as contented as nine-tenths of the mortals that surround us; and, as for Laura, all who know her agree with Tom in pronouncing her but little—a very little—lower than the angels.

A KISS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I, Ferdinand Brand, an English soldier, lay between life and death in a foreign hospital, nursed by the Sisters who devote their lives to works of mercy, and who showed no less tenderness to those who differed from them in religion than to the more devout of their own sect.

But all their kindness could not reconcile me to the weary life that lay before me, if I recovered. They gave me no hope that I should not be blind if I lived, and from theaching depth of my sad heart this thought had torn all that made life worth the having. A soldier who could no longer fight for his country; a lover of nature who could never again look upon her again; one who knew, by his tenderness for all women, how well he might some day love one woman; can you wonder that all courage died within my breast? Thus suicide was a temptation I could not have resisted, had it been possible for me to accomplish it.

The days glided on sadly and slowly. The nights, no darker than they, followed them.

As in a sort of dreary dream, I listened to the groans of the suffering men about me—often the gasping breath of the dying—to the raving of fever's delirium—to the murmured prayer beside the dead—to the slow tramp of those who bore away the tenant of some now useless pallet to a yet more narrow resting-place.

There were happier sounds at times; the chat of two convalescents; the pleasant speech of the Sisters; the hymns they sang at the vesper hour; but my heart never lightened, my future never lost its terror. To live seemed more terrible than to die.

One day had seemed more bitter than any of its predecessors, darker, crueller. A comrade had breathed his last very near me. Almost with his latest breath, he had cried:

"Ah, it is cruel that I may never see my wife and child again!"

Could I have given him my remaining years—years that they had promised me of late—how happy should I have been. I did not want life; he did. And I lived, and he died. Ah, how ungrateful was I then to a merciful Providence! A blackness of darkness was upon me. I could not rest. I could not sleep. I could not taste the food they urged me to partake of. I even wept in my bitterness of soul—I, a soldier.

Then I prayed to die. I prayed silently. God, who knew my misery, forgave me.

In the midst of that prayer a strange thing happened to me. I felt a form bend over me. I inhaled the perfume of a breath as sweet as new-mown hay. Two lips softer than rose-leaves pressed a kiss upon my closed eyelids, and a tear dropped upon my forehead.

Involuntarily I stretched forth my hand; it caught a woman's taper fingers. They wrenched themselves from me, but left in my clasp a ring.

"Who is this?" I cried. "Come back! Tell me; who is this?"

There was no answer. I heard a soft, retreating step, and nothing more. The woman who had kissed me, whoever she might be, was gone.

I slipped the ring on my little finger, and fell into a reverie. Who could this have been? Whose lips had touched my lips? Whose hand had I held? Sister Agatha was large, and stout, and elderly. Sister Estelle was hard and thin, and her hands were always as cold as ice. Then nuns were not given to the wearing of jewelry.

I questioned Sister Agatha after a while, as to who had visited the hospital. "Only the mother of Antoine," she said; but I knew that those juicy lips, that warm, fluttering little hand, were not those of any man's mother.

It was a little incident, but it employed my head for the day. You laugh; but you must lie wounded, and weak, and blind, and far from home and kindred, as I laid there, to know the value of a woman's kiss and of a woman's pitying tear.

For one or two days I listened for the return of that gentle mystery. For one or two nights I dreamed of her. Then I stopped dreaming. Life dawned anew for me. I opened my eyes one morning and saw a ray of blessed sunlight. I opened them the next, to see faintly and dimly the outline of the long room, the cots ranged down it, and the gliding forms of the gray-robed Sisters as they passed from pillow to pillow. I was no longer blind. I should be myself again.

It had not seemed so much to be myself once. Now how glorious! Hope healed my wounds. I grew well miraculously. It seemed to me that all this dated from that kiss, given to me by those unknown lips. Ere I left the hospital, I told the good Sister Agatha of it.

She looked at me solemnly, and fell to cross-ing herself.

"My child," she said, "it was the Madonna. It is a miracle—a blessed miracle. She has healed you."

"But the ring?" I said. "The Madonna gave roses to Saint Catherine. Why not a ring to you?" she said. "Ah, the beautiful miracle!"

So the story ran about the hospital. I knew that I had held a mortal hand in mine, and that living human lips had touched me; but who would have blighted the nun's pretty faith by persistent contradiction? Madonna, shouldst thou ever leave thy heaven, it might well be to kiss open the sealed eyes of one whose heart was breaking in his blindness.

Five years had passed. The war was over. I was in my native land again. I had almost forgotten my period of suffering in the hospital, but I had not forgotten that kiss. I still wore the ring upon my finger, and I still hoped, absurdly enough, to know one day to whom it had belonged—to know who kissed my blind eyes, who shed for me that pitying, tender tear. I met pretty girls and fine women who might have charmed me but for this haunting thought, but it was as though the ring on my finger was one of betrothal. I was constant to a memory vague as it was beautiful. My heart was adamant to all of them.

About this time my brother Henry married and brought home his wife, a very lovely girl, who won our hearts at once. She had but one living relative, a sister who had been educated abroad, and who was coming to visit her very soon. She was said to be beautiful, and Henry spoke of her often.

"It would be a lucky thing for you if you could win her heart," he said. "She is almost an angel."

I smiled and shook my head. "Not that that would be so easily done," he said. "Laura is a strange girl. She refuses every offer. She is two-and-twenty now, and has had several; but Emma tells me that she will never marry—until she gets over a queer fancy of hers. You'll keep it to yourself, if I tell you, Ferdinand?"

I promised.

"The girls are orphans," said Henry, "and

Laura was educated at a convent in—. By some strange neglect she remained there during the whole of this last terrible war. The convent was safe enough, and she had no fear; but it was outrageous. Well, to cut a long story short, there was a hospital at —, and it was filled, of course, with wounded soldiers. The girl, just seventeen then, used at times to go with the nuns, and, protected by their costume, to the hospital, to minister to the wounded men. One, a beautiful young officer, who had lost his sight, attracted her attention. She used to watch him from afar, and think of him when she left him, until she fell in love with him. At last, one day, when he had been suffering very much, and had, as she thought, fallen asleep, her feelings overcame her. The Sisters were busy elsewhere, and she crept up to him and kissed him. He was not asleep, it seems. He caught her hand, and she, in pulling it away, lost a ring from her finger. But though she hid herself among the nuns, she could not forget him. He haunted all her dreams.

"When she next visited the hospital, she looked for him in vain; his cot was empty. The nuns told her that the Madonna had performed a miracle, and given him his sight by a kiss. She knew what that story arose from, but she held her peace. And to this day, Ferdinand, she loves that man so entirely that she can love no one else. The ring she lost has been a betrothal ring in her family for generations. She fancies that some spell attaches to it. Otherwise she is a sensible girl—Ferdinand, what ails you?"

"Brother," I cried, "do you not know, do you not remember, it was I who lay blind in that foreign hospital? It was I she kissed. It is I who wear the ring." And I held before his eyes the emerald that I had worn upon my finger for five long years.

My story is nearly ended. A week after this I went to meet the evening train from London, commissioned to escort Laura Lee to our old home.

When I first spoke to her, she looked at me in a singular way, and her color came and went rapidly. As for me, it seemed that I had known her all my life. How I told her the story I do not know, but tell it I did, on my way home. And the ring that I had snatched from her hand adorned it again—a betrothal ring in very truth—when we crossed the threshold of home together. Fate had united us, and we have always blessed Fate.

Once—a year or two ago—my wife and I visited the continent, and stopping at —, went to its famous hospital. A Sister who was quite unknown to us showed us through it. Over one cot was a little shrine and a picture of the Madonna.

"It is here," said the nun, "that Our Lady graciously performed a miracle. She kissed open the eyes of a blind young English soldier, and left in his hands a ring."

My wife stooped over the pillow and pressed her lips to it. I slipped a purse into the hands of the good Sister.

"A blessed miracle," I said. "Amen," she said, and lighted us with her sweet smile to the hospital's wide portals.

BOYS AND PUMPKIN PIE.

What John said was, that he didn't care much for pumpkin pie, but that was after he had eaten a whole one. It seemed to him that mince would be better. The feeling of a boy toward pumpkin pie has never been properly considered. There is an air of festivity about its approach in the fall. The boy is willing to help pare and cut up the pumpkin, and he watches with the greatest interest the stirring up process and the pouring into the scalloped crust. When the sweet savor of the baking reaches his nostrils, he is filled with the most delightful anticipations. Why should he not be? He knows that for months to come the buttery will contain golden treasures, and that it will require only a slight ingenuity to get at the buttery as in any part of farming. His elders say that the boy is always hungry; but that is a very coarse way to put it. He has only recently come into a world that is full of good things to eat, and there is on the whole a very short time in which to eat them, at least, he is told, among the first information he receives, that life is short. Life being brief, and pie and the like fleeting, he very soon decides upon an active campaign. It may be an old story to people who have been eating for forty or fifty years, but it is different with a beginner. He takes the thick and the thin as it comes, as in pie, for instance. I knew a place where they were not thicker than the poor man's plaster; they were spread so thin upon the crust that they were better fitted to draw out hunger than to satisfy it. They used to be made up by the great oven full, and kept in the dry cellar, where they hardened and dried to a toughness you would hardly believe. This was a long time ago, and they make the pumpkin pie in the country better now, or the race of boys would have been so discouraged that I think they would have stopped coming into the world.

A New York merchant, while recently taking dinner upon one of the Canadian steamers, very innocently took an egg, broke its shell, and emptied its contents, as he supposed, into an egg-cup. After arranging it to suit his taste, he raised the supposed cup when lo! it was a China napkin-ring.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO GO.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you:
Come here, I would whisper it low;
You're thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins,
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia,
They're wealthy in treasures, no doubt,
But ah, there is gold in the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low,
Better risk the old farm awhile longer—
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart,
And wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start.
The banker and broker are wealthy—
They take in their thousands or so—
Ah, think of their frauds and deceptions;
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest;
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You are free as the air of the mountain,
And monarch of all you survey.
But stay on the farm awhile longer,
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES
FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING-
BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

Sixteen years have gone by since last we saw Colonel Symure. He was a young man then; now he is in the meridian of life, the indifferent husband of an affected, mindless, shrewish, selfish woman, who brought him wealth and unhappiness as well. He has no children: he has nothing under his roof save his frivolous wife, who is no companion to him, and wears his patience night and day.

Many and many a time has he regretted the loss of his child; but never once has he dared to dream of claiming it. The secret of his first marriage he must endeavor to conceal for ever. In order to preserve some little tranquillity on his domestic hearth, he is compelled to preserve that secret inviolate.

He has groaned often to think of the mask which he is forced to wear, without ever having the courage to pluck that mask off. He is entirely under the thrall of his rich wife, with whom he has no confidence whatever.

And he is now sitting here, in a paltry little theatre, belonging to an obscure country town, witnessing the performance of a troupe of strolling players, his own lawfully-begotten son being one of the principal members of that troupe.

Colonel Symure gnashed his teeth as he reflected on all this; and the color forsook his cheeks and lips as Desmoro's deep-toned voice, rich in its practised modulations, rose and sank in impassioned declamation.

What was he to do? How could he snatch his own offspring son from such a humiliating position?

This son of his was handsome as Apollo, and had the bearing of a prince. Colonel Symure would be proud indeed to own him, and take him to his heart; for time had much softened this man's breast, which had nothing to fill it now—nothing, save sorrowful memories of, and repinings for, the past.

Every pulse in Colonel Symure's body was throbbing fast and painfully, and he was longing to spring upon the stage, and fold the youth to his bosom. Had he but owned a different woman for his wife, he might, perhaps, have followed his inclinations, and revealed to her the existence of his son; as it was, he was almost distracted, and knew not how to act.

The hand of heaven seemed to have directed him to this place, in order to show him the trust he had so cruelly neglected—the child he dared not claim as his.

Not a single doubt of the youth's identity intruded itself upon the Colonel's mind. The name of Desmoro Desmoro, and the young stroller's red hand, were facts which at once established his relationship to that gentleman.

Never in all his life had Colonel Symure suffered such mental anguish as he was now suffering. But the all-end would not be here: he would probably be made to endure still more torture. Indeed, how could it possibly be otherwise with him, seeing that he was not the master of his own actions, that he was completely under the control of his vixenish wife.

Colonel Symure was truly thankful when the hour of ten arrived, and Mrs. Symure rose to depart. He helped her on with her shawl in

utter silence, gave her his arm, and conducted her out of the theatre; at the door of which was their waiting carriage, into which he assisted her without speaking a word.

"Caroline," he said, pausing at the door of the vehicle, "I—I don't feel exactly myself to-night; I think I'd rather walk home, if you have no objection to my doing so."

"No objection to your doing so, indeed!" repeated she. "And what's to become of me all the while you are from my side. Why, I'm to be moped in this close carriage, without a soul to exchange a syllable with. Not that you have been at all communicative this evening—a mouse could not have been more silent than yourself. I wonder what's the matter with you."

"I—I am not myself, Caroline."

"You said that before."

"I know I did; and I say it again and again."

"You're mysterious, Colonel Symure," she suspiciously rejoined. "You may well say you're not like yourself to-night."

"I shall be better after I've had a brisk walk and a few mouthfuls of fresh air."

"Whoever heard of night air doing a person any good? I'm certain I never did!"

But Colonel Symure was gone, and Mrs. Symure was compelled to return home wholly alone.

The gentleman strode along to the end of the street, until the equipage containing his wife was quite out of sight; then he sauntered back again into the theatre, and resumed his seat in the box he had just vacated.

But the tragedy was over, and Desmoro Desmoro was no longer to be seen.

Colonel Symure was very uneasy, and very unhappy, likewise, and he was thankful to be alone for awhile with his thoughts, which were harassing him as thoughts had seldom harassed him before.

Soon he left the theatre, and sauntered down a sort of alley, at the end of which was the stage-entrance, a dingy doorway guarded by a lame man, whom the townspeople called "Hopping Pidgers," a singular character, whose aspect was repulsive in the extreme.

Colonel Symure peeped through the open doorway into a murky room of narrow dimensions, and glanced at its sole occupant, a wizened man, apparently old, but in reality not so,—crouching over the dying embers in a rusty, battered grate. There was a crazy table, on which a lamp was burning, and a pile of old playbills, disturbed by the draught from the open door, was fluttering on the blackened and cobwebbed wall opposite.

This was all the gentleman could see.

He drew his cloak around him, in order to hide his scarlet coat, pulled the military hat deep over his brow, and still lingered on the threshold, unable to make up his mind what to do; whether to enter there or to let it alone.

The figure hanging over the fire coughed once or twice, and rubbed its skinny hands together.

Colonel Symure watched and watched, until he was weary of watching, then he passed through the doorway, and stood in the presence of the Cerberus of the place, Hopping Pidgers, who had started from his seat at the creaking of the stranger's boots.

The gentleman drew back and shuddered before the crooked form presented to his view.

"Well, what dun yo want?" was the not over courteous interrogatory made by the Cerberus.

This question, so bluntly put, perplexed the gentleman for a second or two.

Pidgers, whose little eyes looked in two separate directions, was narrowly scanning the appearance of the new-comer, examining him from head to foot.

"Can I do anythin' fur yo, sur?" he further demanded, in cracked and discordant accents, and with a strong Yorkshire dialect.

"I really don't know," stammered the Colonel. "I want to be informed where Mr. Desmoro Desmoro lives," he added, his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth as he uttered the name.

"Oh, whereabouts Maister Desmoro Desmoro lives, yo wants to know?" repeated Pidgers, with a cunning grin, all the while peering into the querist's face. "What can a soger-officer want wee a play-actor lad like him, um? Maybe, yo wants to him to goo an' list for a soger?" added he, eagerly.

"Perhaps I do?" half-laughed the Colonel. "Such a fine fellow as he would be a credit to any regiment in the world!"

"Foin feller!" mumbled the man. "Theer it be; alus yer foin fellers! I'd bet a penny yo'd not tak' me fur a soger!"

"No, I don't think I should!" was the dry and haughty rejoinder.

"Noa, in coorse you wouldn't! Dang it, why beant one mon's back an' limbs as straight as anothers? Why should I be a Hoppin' Pidgers, fur everybody to mak' game on, an' this lad, Desmoro, so pretty that all that sees him mun luv him so? Theer be Miss Comfort Shavings—but, I suppose, you dunnot know her?"

"No, no; I merely wish to be informed where the young gentleman lives—nothing more."

"Young gentleman!" echoed the man, with a scornful laugh. "Why, he sticks up th' playbills on th' street walls, runs a arrands, clean the stage, lights the gas, an' does a schoor a other odd jobs! Gentlemon, indeed! I shouldn't wonder but what yo'll be fur callin' me a gentleman!"

"I should not make such an egregious mistake, be assured," answered the Colonel, red-

dening, and feeling inclined to knock the insolent Pidgers on the head.

Colonel Symure put his hand into his pocket, and drawing forth a crown-piece, threw it on the table before him saying, "There, perhaps that may put a curb upon your too familiar tongue, and induce you to civilly answer my question relative to the abode of the young man I have before alluded to."

Pidgers snatched up the coin, and immediately thrust it into the depths of his patched corduroys.

"We never tells nobody's addresses here; it be agin Maister Jellie's orders," he said, coolly, limping back to the fireside, and resuming his seat there.

The Colonel stamped his feet impatiently.

"Has Mr. Desmoro left the theatre?" he next demanded.

"Maybe he hev, and maybe he hev'nt—it aint fur me to say."

"You won't tell me."

"You don't want me to go agin my orders, an' so be shoved out on my place, do you?" asked the man.

"No, no; certainly not."

"Then don't ax me any moor on yer questions," returned Pidgers, in the same rude manner as before. "It be 'leven o'clock, an' am gooin' to mak' my porridge, so as yo mayn't like the smell on it, yo'd better goo yer ways whoom."

Colonel Symure paused, not knowing what to do.

"Look here, don't be obstinate, my man!" he said, approaching the crouching figure. "I'll make it well worth your while to serve me in this business. I want to see and speak to this young man, and if you will but instruct me where I may be likely to find him, I'll give you a piece of gold."

Pidgers started at the mention of "gold;" then, with his elbows on his knees, and his chin supported in his palms, he sat reflecting a few moments.

"Dun you want him for a soger, say yes or noa?" he asked, suddenly jumping up.

"Well, honestly, no!" responded the Colonel. "I seek him only for his advantage, be assured on that point."

"His advantage!" slowly repeated Pidgers, a dark frown puckering up his narrow brow. "Weel, yo mun coom here agin to-morrow, at this hour, an' then, mayhap, I'll tell 'en summat about him. Goo! night, maister, I mun mak' my porridge now."

Colonel Symure, full of disappointment and anger, now left the man, and found his way into the alley, and thence into the street once more.

Slowly he proceeded homeward, his heart heavy and sad within his breast.

He was recalling the particulars of the scene which had just taken place between the stage-door-keeper and himself, and bitterly reflecting on all he had heard concerning Desmoro's humiliating position.

Could it be possible that the lawfully-begotten son of a Symure was subjected to the degrading employment of a common billsticker?

The gentleman shuddered at the bare thought of such a disgrace being offered to one of his ancient and aristocratic name, and excitedly quickening his footsteps, soon reached home, where he was received with a scowling brow, Mrs. Symure's temper not being in its happiest vein.

On the following morning, Desmoro awoke unrefreshed and languid. His slumbers had been much disturbed by dreams of terror, and he was somewhat feverish and nervous in consequence therefore.

He kindled his fire, set his little sooty kettle on the hob, performed his morning ablutions, then, feeling easier, he seated himself before the grate, and began to think, and to congratulate himself as well—to congratulate himself on his ordeal being over—over with much credit to himself.

He became more like his old self as he mused; for he was reflecting that he had a treat in store for Comfort. He had a certain fresh volume to carry to her to-day—a volume which had come strangely into his possession, and which he had neglected until now—neglected because of the late, unexpected, and important task he had had to perform.

While he was thus sitting, occupied with many thoughts, Mrs. Polderbrant burst in upon him, and disturbed his cogitations.

"A good lad!" she exclaimed, after her peculiarly abrupt fashion—"a very good lad, indeed! What are you having for breakfast this morning? Not bread and water again, I trust?" she continued, sitting down, and making herself quite at home. "You got through your part admirably last night. I say so; and as I've seen the first of acting in my day, I ought to be a tolerable judge of that difficult art—able to know the difference 'twixt the good and the bad, at all events."

"I'm very much obliged to you, ma'am," stammered Desmoro; "not only for the kind assistance you rendered me last night, but for the possession of that book which I was coveting so much. I have neglected to thank you for it till now, because I have not had any fitting opportunity of so doing. I am very grateful to you, Mrs. Polderbrant."

"And you are really going to study Hume's 'Treatise on Human Nature'?" she laughingly asked. "Well, well, there's no accounting for some people's taste. Are there any other books that you want?" she slyly inquired.

"Ah, Mrs. Polderbrant," sighed the youth,

"I do not like to think of the many, many works I should like to have."

"Books are expensive articles, Desmoro; yet I fancy I could find the means to buy you any you might desire. But never mind, Desmoro, only you continue as you've begun, and you'll soon be able to purchase a whole library for yourself. Think of that, my lad—think of that! You have talents—rare and excellent talents—which, if properly used, will lead you away from your present erratic way of life up to high fortune and the London boards!"

The young man's ears tingled as these pleasing and encouraging words entered them. Dared he believe that he would one day become known to fame, and hold an honorable and proud position in the world?

He would like to do so, not for his own sake, but for that of dear Comfort.

Desmoro was longing for the world's admiration and applause, and that all tongues should speak of him. But, although he was full of ambitious yearnings, he had not an atom of selfishness in his nature, for generous, honest, noble, and good he was in all things.

Now, Mrs. Polderbrant, eccentric as she undoubtedly was, was a shrewd reader of character. She understood Desmoro's thoroughly, and understanding it, she could not help admiring and appreciating it. She had a rugged heart in her bosom; but he, the parentless one, was fairly inside it, filling its every corner.

But she did not make any affectionate professions to the lad, over whom she now felt a positive joy in watching. She did not tell him that she was learning to love him with almost the same sort of tenderness as she had loved her own son—that son whose head the cold earth had long since pillowed. No; she cared for him silently and well.

Quite elated, Desmoro sought Comfort's presence; and together the young teacher and his pupil pored over their newly-acquired treasure. The girl's face wore a puzzled, vexed expression, while that of her companion was filled with interest and gratification.

To speak the truth, Comfort was perplexed over the volume's contents, but she did not like to say so; she did not like to confess that they were as mysterious to her as the Greek alphabet; so she went on listening to Desmoro as he read and read, with her pure, girlish features full of wonderment and awe, hearing every word he repeated, but failing to comprehend their proper meaning.

Desmoro saw that he had brought a work far above the understanding of his pupil, and he resolved never to commit such a mistake again. He was disappointed certainly, for he had expected to produce a great effect on Comfort's mind, he had been hoping that she would derive vast benefit from the perusal of such a learned and thought-fraught production, and that she, like himself, would be yearning for others similar to it.

"You don't like this book, Comfort," he said, suddenly closing its pages.

"If it had been history, I should have liked it immensely, Desmoro!" she replied, almost at a loss what to say, and fearful of offending him in any way. "But I am not clever enough to receive the meaning of these treatises, which only make my head ache, and vex my heart!"

"I forgot, Comfort; I forgot that woman's tastes, in nine cases out of ten, differ from those of men."

"We cannot help our nature, Desmoro!"

"No more than we can help ours?"

"I wonder whether they would take back the book, and give us another in lieu of it?" spoke he. "You'd like Goldsmith's 'History of England,' if I could get it, wouldn't you?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, if you could get it, Desmoro!" answered she. "But we must not dream of being able to procure a peep at that work for many and many a year to come; so let us make ourselves as contented as we can without it. We must not further impose upon Mrs. Polderbrant's good nature, for she like ourselves has nothing but what she works hard for!"

Desmoro shook his head sceptically.

"You think otherwise, eh?" queried she.

"I do, Comfort!" he replied. "I fancy she's quite rich!"

"Rich, Desmoro!" exclaimed his companion. "How can she possibly be so? She has always been a country actress; and report says that she had an idle husband, and an extravagant and worthless son, for both of whom she secretly labored night and day. I know that she belongs to an excellent family, but I do not imagine the members of it ever assist her in any way. How then, as I said before, can she be rich?"

"She offered to buy me any book I wished, which offer she would surely not have made unless she had had the means of keeping her word."

"Offered to buy you any book you wished, Desmoro! I fancy she must be a little mad, I really do, Desmoro!" laughed the maiden.

"I cannot agree with you in that opinion, Comfort. I adhere to my former idea, that she has some money, a secret board, somewhere."

"Well, well, time will prove all things."

CHAPTER X.

It was near eleven o'clock at night when Colonel Symure, no longer attired in military garments, entered the dingy alley leading to the stage-door of the theatre.

He had his large cloak wrapped about him, and his hat was pulled far over his brow.

He proceeded along with nervous steps, and quaking breast, the heavy sleet beating in his white face all the while. He had had considerable trouble in getting away from home on this occasion—for Mrs. Symure, amongst her other unamiable weaknesses, reckoned that of jealousy—and he was anxious to return as soon as possible.

Arrived at the stage-door, the gentleman peered beyond it, into the dismal little room, in search of its usual occupant, Hopping Pidgeers; who, hearing footsteps on the threshold, started up, and inquired, "Who was there?"

"It is I," was the low-breathed reply.

And following these words, Colonel Symure's tall figure made itself visible before the Cerberus's crooked vision.

"What dun yo want?"

"Don't you recognise me?"

"You aren't the soger-officer, are yo?" asked Pidgeers, curiously peering into his visitor's face.

"I was here last night, you recollect?" explained he.

"Oh, ah, to be sure, yo war; I'd a'most forgotten yo," grinned the Cerberus.

"Well?"

"Weel, I dunnot know what to say to yo," Pidgeers answered, shaking his head. "If I knowed yer business we'd the young chap, I may be moight understand how to help yo," he added, very cunningly, all the while watching the features before him.

"My good man, have I not already told you that I only wish to be informed of Mr. Desmoro's abiding-place, and that I will pay you well for such information? And, surely, that is all you ought to know about the matter, all you should expect to learn concerning it," the gentleman continued very haughtily.

Pidgeers rubbed his knotted hands together, showed his yellow teeth, and, turning his back upon the speaker, limped back to the fireplace, where he stood, the flickering light from the burning coals dancing over his repulsive visage, showing all its ugly lines, its red-rimmed eyes, its broad, flat nose, its receding chin, and all its other hideous deformities.

Pidgeers was cogitating; and his thoughts were just as ill-favoured as his countenance.

Losing patience with the man, Colonel Symure now turned to the door, on the threshold of which his steps were arrested by the Cerberus's hoarse tones.

"Lookke 'ere, sur," he said; "as I told yo afore, I can't go to risk the losin' of my place by tellin' yer wheer anybody lives, but if yo'll write a letter to the young lad, I'll deliver it to him. I can't go fur to say anny fairer nor that, can I, sur?"

The Colonel reflected for a few moments before he answered.

Perhaps it would be better to write to Desmoro, requesting an interview with him, than to break upon him unexpectedly.

Yes, yes, he would make up his mind to send him a letter—just a few carefully-penned lines—nothing more.

"I will take your advice," spoke the gentleman. "In a few minutes hence I will return with a note for Mr. Desmoro."

And, so saying, the Colonel disappeared through the narrow doorway, and was lost in the darkness beyond, in the midst and vapor of the drizzling night.

Darting into an adjoining inn, he asked for writing implements, and being furnished with such, he hastily indited the following words:—

"Thursday night.

"A gentleman who knew Desmoro Desmoro's father, wishes to see and speak to his son. At ten o'clock, to-morrow morning, the writer of this will be in waiting at the first turnpike on the Manchester road."

The sheet containing these lines was then folded, sealed up, and directed to "Mr. Desmoro Desmoro."

Presently, the Colonel was again at the stage entrance, before its misshapen guardian.

"There's the letter," said the gentleman, hurriedly, "and there's a guinea for you," he added, thrusting the missive and the coin into Pidgeers' hand. "You will be sure to deliver the note to him to-night?"

"Oh, yes, sartin, sur!" growled the man, his eyes fixed greedily on the golden piece, shining in the middle of his not-over-cleanly palm.

"Thank you, and good-night!" returned Colonel Symure in a grateful voice.

"Good-neet, sur!" answered the man, as the officer drew his cloak closer about him, and prepared to depart.

"Mind!" added he, pausing in the doorway; "when I find that that commission has been delivered according to its address, I will further remember you."

At this Pidgeers pulled at one of his rough locks, and the Colonel was gone.

Pidgeers did not move for some seconds, but kept his gaze fastened on the space through which his visitors had just vanished, listening till his receding footsteps died away. The money and the missive were both in his hands.

"He won't coom back agin to-neet," muttered he, crushing his crooked fingers upon the contents of his palm, and seating himself before the fire, which he at once stirred up into a big blaze. "I wonder what be written here?" he went on, looking at his trust, and putting away the piece of gold. "I'll find out all about it afore I'm many minutes older, or I beant Hoppin' Pidgeers—dar' em for callin' me sichen a name! I knows how to mak' out a good number o' letters, which I desay I'll manage to put together into words o' some soort or other. If I finds that the stuff be nout particular, I'se

paste the paper up agin, an' give it to the chap—to this Desmoro, whose so pratty-faced as to mak' Comfort Shavins turn up her nose at a poor lad like me. I'd like to hev his throat in my grip, I should—the stuck-up, proud feller, that he is, talkin' and walkin' as grandly as if he war the owner of the whole world, an' of everythin' else besides."

Glancing once more at the door, and likewise down a passage leading to the stage, Pidgeers tore open the Colonel's epistle, and began to pore over its contents.

"That's a a, I knows that much," he said, commencing his self-imposed and dishonest task.

At this instant, approaching footsteps were heard in the passage communicating with the stage, and Mrs. Polderbrant became visible.

"Pidgeers," said she, now almost close by his side.

"Darn the writin'! I's not bother my 'ed about any moor o' it!" he muttered, inaudibly, at the same time throwing the sheet of paper in the fire, where it was consumed at once. "Yes, marm," he continued turning round to the speaker, and plucking at one of his locks of hair in an humble manner.

"I want you to do me a little favor."

"Yes, marm."

"Run into the inn close by, and ask the landlord or landlady to change you this five-pound note. I'll take charge of the door while you are gone."

"Vary weel, marm," he rejoined, staring at the unusual request.

Until then, Pidgeers did not believe that any member of Samuel Jellico's company had ever owned a five-pound-note in all his life. But the bank-paper was in Pidgeers' possession, and he felt bound to credit his own eyesight.

"I don't want any one to know of this little matter, Pidgeers, so please do not mention it to any one either in or out of the theatre," said Mrs. Polderbrant.

"I'll take care of that, marm."

"And when you come back, I'll give you the price of a glass of ale for your trouble. Now, make haste, and, whatever you do, don't lose the money."

"No, marm."

And Pidgeers vanished.

After the lapse of a very short time the man returned with the change of the bank-paper.

"At first, they'd hardly give it to me, marm," he said, telling into her hand the crowns and half-crowns he had brought. "They said if they hadn't a know'd me for a honest c'racter, they'd a sent me back wee summut in my ear. They looked moighty sp'icious at the note, an' held it up to the light, an' did ever so much besides, afore they'd tak' it."

"Well, well, it's all right now!" returned she. "There's the twopence I promised you. Don't spend it all at once. A pint of ale might make you tipsy."

"Thank ye, marm—much obleeged to yo," he said, receiving the coppers with a seemingly grateful air.

Then Mrs. Polderbrant left the theatre, and wended her way to her humble lodgings, which were in the neighborhood close by.

Scarcely was she out of sight, when Pidgeers, giving vent to a shrill whistle, flung the pennies up in the air, caught them again, and looked disdainfully upon them.

"The stingy thing!" he exclaimed, mutteringly. "As if I cared fur hur paltry pence! She dunno what I've gotten in my pocket, nor I don't mean to tell her, nor nobody else! I'se put off these oud clothes now, and buy myself some new ones—bran new ones. 'Not sichen as they sells at the pawnshop. I wonders if she hev gotten anny moor o' those five-pun notes? If I thought she hed, I'd mak' free to borrow them on her; for what dun sichen a ould witch as hur want wee mune, I should like to know?"

And as he spoke, he seated himself on the stool on the hearth, and mechanically taking up the poker, began to stir the fire.

"I've brunt the soger-officer's letter, an' theer bees a end o' that piece o' business, I reckons! I made short work on it—I did so!" proceeded Pidgeers, chuckling heartily. "I suppose he'll be fur comin' yere agin a troublin' of me! But I'se hev some decent duds on my back by that time, an' I shall be a bit boulder than a war afore. Wait until to-morrow, and Comfort Shavins'll not know me, spiced out as I shall be in some fresh corderoys."

And with his elbows on his knees, his chin supported in the palms of his hands, he mused on, cunningly, maliciously, and darkly.

His mind being equally as deformed as his body, he was ready for any sort of mischief—any sort of wrong-doing. He had cast his wicked eyes on the delicate and dainty Comfort Shavins, and he had learned to hate one who he perceived had found favor in her sight. And more than once he had contemplated setting the theatre on fire during the dead of night, in order to destroy our hero.

Pidgeers slept in the same dingy apartment that he daily occupied, for he was supposed to be the guardian of the stage-door both by night and by day, and but rarely quitted the building.

Early on the following morning, Colonel Symure, whose regiment was quartered in this town, left his home, and directed his steps towards the Manchester Road. The gentleman walked with uncertain steps, and looked pale and haggard, as if he had passed a sleepless night, and was suffering some pain in consequence thereof.

Colonel Symure had a loveless wife, and as you may well imagine, his home was far from being an abode of happiness or comfort.

Woman can create either sunshine or storms 'neath her husband's roof. Mrs. Symure created only storms 'neath that of hers.

This lack of all home allurements had created a vast void in the bosom of the Colonel, which void he was wanting to fill up—to fill up in a proper and honorable way, if he could but succeed in so doing. He was wishing to claim his newly-found son, whom (if ever he dared do as much) he purpose acknowledging before the whole world.

He had done a grievous wrong; but as it was not yet too late to repair that wrong, he did not despair. He had been pleased with Desmoro's face—which was a faithful reflexion of his own—with his voice and manners also, and he felt proud to reflect that the youth belonged to him, and that the blood of the Symures ran in his veins.

The father looked upwards, wondering whether the spirit of his dead wife—of the wife whom he had never acknowledged, and whose memory he had grievously ignored—could look down from her bright abode, and read his changed feelings—changed for the better, far? Could she penetrate into the depths of his soul, and view the flood of paternal emotions just awakened there?

How softened and tender towards everything around him he seemed to have suddenly become! All things—whether animate or inanimate—appeared to have a brighter and fairer aspect in his eyes; every object he now looked upon was gilded with the beams of that sunshine which was dancing so warmly in his own heart.

And what a thrill was pervading his frame—a thrill novel and pleasurable as well! The blood was tingling through all his veins and arteries with accelerated speed, and with accelerated warmth likewise.

In short, Colonel Symure was experiencing an entirely new existence.

He reached the turnpike gate; and pausing there, looked wistfully up and down the road in search of him whom he expected.

But, far as his sight would reach, he could see nothing of Desmoro Desmoro.

The gentleman sauntered about, took out his watch, and glanced at it; then sauntered about again.

Yet no one appeared in sight.

Half an hour went by, half an hour of anxiety to Colonel Symure, yet Desmoro did not come.

The gentleman began to wax impatient and uneasy, also. Wherefore did not Desmoro come? Surely had he suspected that a parent's clinging arms were waiting to receive him, he would have lost no time in flying into them!

Another, and another half hour passed away, and now the Colonel, wearied of waiting, was slowly retracing his way homeward, feeling most perplexed, disappointed, and unhappy.

Could he have made any mistake? Had he, in making this appointment, named a wrong hour? In the hurry and confusion of the moment he might have done so.

Perhaps the stage-door keeper had not yet had an opportunity of delivering the Colonel's letter or he had mislaid it, or forgotten it entirely. The man appeared quite ignorant, and insolent enough for anything.

Colonel Symure attached no blame whatever to Desmoro himself.

When the gentleman arrived at his own dwelling he was received by his wife with a whole torrent of inquiries.

Where had he been at that early hour, and what had been the business upon which he had been engaged? Mrs. Symure demanded, asperity in all her tones. He hadn't been at the barrack, she knew, for she had sent thither to inquire after him. Then where on earth had he been?

The husband's face paled, and his lips twitched nervously.

"Caroline," he replied, unsteadily, "don't ask me any further questions about this trifling absence of mine. I have told you before that a man cannot be completely tied to his wife's apron-string!"

"Oh, indeed, Colonel Symure!" sneered she, her eyes fastened upon his changing features, noticing their every passing shade. "I know that no sort of military business took you out, and knowing that much, I am desirous of being informed what you did."

He hesitated in some confusion. Hitherto, Mrs. Symure had had her husband completely under her government, and she could not understand that he should ever do anything without her knowledge and entire approval.

Now, although, he had felt her harsh control, and had often writhed under it, he had never once murmured to obey her will and pleasure, whatsoever such might happen to be.

The case was different, now; her queries, so full of authority, struck his ear like so many heavy blows, and his spirit rebelled against his usurped dominion over him.

"Do you choose to answer me, or do you not, Colonel Symure?" she sternly interrogated, her countenance growing purple with suppressed rage.

Not a word returned he. He was standing before her, motionless and white, dreading to give his curbed feelings vent.

For the first time in his life he felt inclined to retort, to reply to her in her own language, to give bitter answers to her bitter questions.

He felt weary of hearing that vixenish tongue of hers; now, more than ever, was it hateful to his ear. "Oh, for freedom from such a thrall!" he inwardly exclaimed, as her discordant accents vibrated through the room.

"There's some mystery at work, Colonel,"

she proceeded,—“some mystery, which I will soon fathom, never fear! I'll set a watch upon all your actions; so take heed of what you do for the future—for even the lifting of your fingers will be known to me!”

Colonel Symure's eyes flashed at these words. Was he this woman's spaniel or her slave, that she should threaten him after this sort of fashion?

He knew that Caroline would keep her word, that she would carry her menace into execution; and, knowing this much, he began to quake. For his was a pacific nature, and he would submit to almost anything rather than run the risk of provoking an open rupture with his wife.

As you perceive, Colonel Symure did not own a very brave spirit. He might not have been a coward on the field of battle, but he was certainly such under his own domestic roof.

He was earnestly wishing he could open his bosom, and reveal to her all that was there agitating it. Yes, he wished that he could do this, we say; but he was far from entertaining a notion of carrying those wishes into effect.

Surely, never before was man so trammelled as he—never was man in such a painful dilemma placed.

So, at least, he thought.

But he made no demur—he suffered silently.

Mrs. Symure watched her husband narrowly. Her jealous suspicions being fully aroused, she had become a very tigress towards the object of them.

She did not like this mute endurance of his. She would have preferred a war of words between them, to have vented all her bitter malice on him.

Caroline was what people term a “born and bred lady”—that is to say, her parents were rich, and came of an ancient race. But such weak facts as those had not been sufficient to render their eldest daughter amiable and good—for Nature's fashionings are beyond all human control; for neither birth, nor money, nor title, can make a true gentlewoman of her on whom Heaven has refused to set His beautifying marks.

The luncheon hour arrived, and Colonel Symure and his spouse sat down to the meal in perfect silence. The lady's brow was knitted into a sullen frown, which seemed to forbid his speech on any subject.

After the luncheon was over, the gentleman inquired what letters the morning post had brought for him.

“Ah, to be sure, you went out before the postman had been!” returned Caroline, with great sarcasm. “I had forgotten that fact! Yes, there are three epistles for you—one of which is from Captain Smith, another from Lieutenant Bligh, and another—a most elegant effusion—from your brother Percy. You will find them all on your desk!” she added, walking out of the room as she spoke.

The mention of his brother's name had drawn the Colonel's thoughts back to Desmoro's mission.

He would summon Percy to his side, and beg him to assist in the deed of reparation he was contemplating.

He went to his desk, and taking up Percy's open communication—which Mrs. Symure had already perused—read as follows:—

“Brightstone House, Wargrave.

“MY DEAR DES,

“As Lucy is again in her tantrums, I mean to run away from home to-morrow, in order to pay you a short visit.

“I've had a severe touch of the gout lately, which, together with Lucy's ill-humor, has nearly driven me out of my senses.

“I am beginning to wish there was not a woman in the whole world!

“Yours affectionately,

“PERCY SYMURE.”

“P.S.—Oh, by-the-by, don't forget to remember me to Caroline. I shall endeavor to escape from my tormentor as soon as possible; and, by proceeding post-haste, I may probably be able to reach you at the end of the present week.”

The Colonel uttered a thankful exclamation as he finished the perusal of his brother's brief and characteristic letter. Percy was coming to him just at the time when his presence would be doubly acceptable—just when he was longing and praying to see him.

Truly nothing could have happened more opportunely than the approaching visit of Percy Symure.

(To be continued.)

A WARLIKE JOKE.—It appears from the correspondence of Sir John Burgoyne that, during the Crimean war, a letter was written by a young lady to an officer, requesting that when Menschikoff was taken the officer would send her one of the buttons of the Prince's coat. The letter fell into Prince Menschikoff's hands. He returned it with a coat-button, and with a message intimating that, as some time might elapse before he was taken prisoner, he thought he might as well forward the object of the writer's wishes at once.

Medical students who are about to pass through the ordeal of examination may advantageously, perhaps, copy the reply of a French student, who was being examined by a famous physician. He described to the perplexed aspirant for medical honours a disease culminating by degrees to the most dangerous symptoms, and asked, “What would you then prescribe, or do?” The student, after slight hesitation, replied, “I should send instantly for you.” He got his diploma, of course.

Intense radiation of heat in the great deserts of Sahara produces extraordinary effects on insects as well as animals and men. When a caravan starts out to traverse that wide waste of desolation, flies follow on in prodigious multitudes, attracted, no doubt, by odor from camels, but they soon drop dead by the intensified heat. Fleas burrowing in hair, straw sacks, are killed off rapidly. But the most singular of all is the malady to which the men are incident after being exposed a short time to burning sands and a vertical sun on that arid and life-forsaken region. It is called *ragel*, a kind of brain fever. The stricken traveler is delighted, amused, and made extensively happy by exhibitions of fantastic forms. He sees mirages, palm trees, groups of tents, steep mountains, sparkling cascades, and misty forests dancing delightfully before his entranced vision. From all that can be gathered of the subject it seems that certain conditions of atmosphere wholly free of moisture, with intense heat, produce effects on the brain very similar to *hysteria*. Both exalt the nervous system and speedily destroy all desire to exist, depriving the *unnatural excitement of the brain*.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(continued.)

More than one hour must have passed before Moll's return.

But the time was unheeded by the solitary watcher, and Willie had not come.

"And you're alone still?" asked Moll, as she entered the house.

"Yes, and have been so ever since you left."

"And Willie hasn't been?"

"No; no one has been."

The light of expectation faded out of Moll's face, to be succeeded by an expression of grief and depression.

Four days hourly expecting to see a loved face is apt to seem as long as four weeks to the one who has waited and watched in vain, and she set down her basket now wearily and with a sigh.

She could have borne anything but Willie's indifference.

This was bitterly hard to endure, and though she did not weep or utter any audible complaint, the pain she suffered was none the less bitter in consequence.

It was a gloomy evening.

Moll's disappointment cast a gloom both on herself and her companion, and, to add to their discomfort, the wind being high, the chimney began to smoke.

A trifle perhaps, but one of the trifles that make up the sum and substance of human comfort and happiness.

Consequently, when the clock struck eleven, and it was evidently too late to expect the truant swain, Moll suggested they might as well go to bed, and her companion acquiesced.

Indeed, they had both risen to leave the room, when a knock sounded on the street door, and the two young women started and looked at each other with something like fear on their faces. Moll was the first to regain her self-possession.

"I'd best open the door perhaps," she said, as she moved towards it.

But her companion made no reply.

It may be that she doubted who the late visitor might be.

So Moll, summoning up her courage, opened the door to admit—not a dreaded or expected man, but a woman.

An old woman, too.

There she stood, in her neglected finery and forgotten dignity, pale, tear-stained, and overcome with grief; the mother of the man for whom poor Moll's heart had been so painfully aching and craving.

"Mrs. Bolton!" exclaimed the girl in astonishment, the moment she recognized her. "What is the matter?" she continued. "Do come in. Alone, too! Do come in."

And she took Willie's mother by the hand, led her into the room, closing and fastening the door.

Then noticing that her visitor looked pale and agitated, she pressed a kiss on her cold face—a kiss for Willie's sake—and took her to the arm-chair near the fire, in which she placed her.

The visitor looked around the room, noticed the comfort and refinement that characterized it, then crouched nearer the fire, for her limbs were half frozen with her cold walk.

"Flo, there's brandy in the cupboard that we keeps for sickness; put some in a glass w' hot water and sugar and give some to mother; she's clemmed w' the cold."

And so saying, she knelt down by the side of the elder woman, and began to rub her half-frozen hands vigorously.

The friction, hot brandy and water, and heat of the fire soon did their work in thawing the old lady, and no sooner did she become warm, than she began to cry.

At first the girls thought it was the reaction from cold to heat, the "hot-ache," as it is called, which made her tears flow so freely, but when she began to wail, "My poor boy, my poor Willie," both of her listeners, but Moll especially, became alarmed.

"What is that? Where is Willie?" asked the poor girl anxiously; "he's no bin nigh me since Sunday."

But the sorrowing mother only continued to wail, "My poor lad, my poor lad!" until

Florence, who was not endowed with too much patience, somewhat imperatively insisted upon knowing the cause of her grief.

The stern, positive tone and manner awed Mrs. Bolton into silence, and she hushed her sobs, and looked up into the fatally beautiful face before her.

"Aye," she muttered slowly, as though speaking to herself rather than her listeners, "it was your face as druv him to it, and now thou asks what be the matter."

A flush of vexation came over Florence Carr's face at this incautious speech. She was particularly anxious that Moll should not doubt her lover's fidelity, still more so that she should not look upon her as a rival.

It would disturb the good friendship and understanding between them, perhaps cause a separation and deprive her of a home, and she said now, with something more than impatience—

"I don't know what you are talking about, Mrs. Bolton. You seem in great grief and I am very sorry for you, but please don't mix me up with it; I know very little either of you or your son. I do think, however, that if you had any consideration or affection for Moll, you would

great and terrible grief, and nobly, heroically she kept her word.

"Tell me all about it, mother," she said after a pause, sinking again by the old woman's side and taking one of the shrunken hands in her own. "Who accuses Willie?—and whose money is it they say he's stole?"

"Thy maister, Frank o' Meary's, him's the mon; and thee knows what a enemy he can be."

"What, Mr. Gresham?" asked Florence in surprise.

"Aye, Mister Gresham, if thee likes that better," said Mrs. Bolton, with savage bitterness.

She had taken a dislike from the moment of her entering the house to this fair-faced, coldly positive girl, whom too, though she scarcely dared to say it, she regarded as the author and cause of her present disgrace and grief.

Indeed on this point she was nearer the truth than she imagined, as we already know, but she had given Florence food for reflection, when she said the spinner was Bolton's accuser, and she began wondering, vaguely it is true, whether the mechanic was really guilty, or it was a plot against him to get him out of the way, and glut

sweets of rest and leisure at this glad and festive season.

In many a house and cottage in the town on that day there was some pain, grief and misery, but on few homes had such a black cloud settled as that which hung like a funeral pall over Moll Arkshaw's humble abode.

She and Mrs. Bolton had occupied the same room, Florence preferring the sofa to a strange bedfellow, but it was little sleep that visited the eyelids of the three women, for two of them lay sobbing and weeping through the greater part of the night, and the third was haunted by strange thoughts that drove sleep from her eyelids as effectually as grief could have done.

Towards morning, however, they all fell asleep, sank into that heavy, dreamless slumber that succeeds mental and physical exhaustion.

Consequently it was much later than usual when they awoke, but this, as there was but little work to do, was of no consequence, and Florence being the first to rise, lighted the fire, stirred it up rather, for it was raked, as they called it, that is, a quantity of small coals and cinders had been thrown on and beaten down to keep it from going out during the night.

Indeed breakfast was ready before the two women, whose swollen eyes and tear-stained faces told of the night they had passed, came into the front room.

The Christmas preparations in holly, mistle-toe and things of the kind, seemed like a mockery to poor Moll, reminding her at every turn of the thoughts and hopes and dreams which had animated her heart when they were purchased and arranged in their present places.

But she must be resolute and firm; Willie's mother leant upon her, depended upon her. Perhaps it might yet be possible to prove his innocence and save him, for in his innocence she had the most implicit faith and confidence.

So she forced herself to drive back her sobs, to assume a calmness and hopeful confidence she was far from feeling, and made a pretence of eating some breakfast, only, however, to encourage Mrs. Bolton to do the same.

Breakfast was scarcely over, and the little clock in the corner of the room had only just struck ten, when a knock sounded on the front door, so sharp and imperative, as to make the three women start.

"I'll go," said Flor.

ence, the most calm and self-possessed of the three, and she sprang forward and opened the door.

A man in a new suit of broadcloth, but evidently scarcely at ease in his badly-fitting finery, stood in the open doorway, asking for Moll Arkshaw.

Moll's face, which had been sad and pale enough before, became a shade whiter, while an expression of fear, even terror came over it.

This man was her *bête noire*—her bogie, as the children would term it—had been so from her childhood, and she stood now in absolute dread of him.

Did you ever in your earliest school-days, have some boy who was a terror and tyrant to you—who seemed to exercise some fatal influence that kept you from rebelling, however high-spirited you might be—one who, in his occasional savage fits, would lash you unmercifully with whip, birch or cane, and at other times frighten you still more with his rough, rude exhibition of affection?

It is a terrible thing to be loved and hated in the same breath by a savage—to have a brute, little higher in the scale of creation than the beasts of the field, constituting himself your guard, your gaoler, your destiny, one from whom it seems impossible to escape.

For years, this had been the case with Moll Arkshaw, and this was the man who presented himself at her door on the Christmas morning that had brought anything but joy, peace and happiness to her heart.

Not that she was under his dominion now, as she once had been; that spell had been broken, and with it Bob Brindley's nose; for one day, having pushed his tyranny too far, when the girl was just verging on the woman, she had appealed for help, and being promptly answered by Willie Bolton, who so thoroughly thrashed her tormentor that he bore about with him evidence of it to the present day.

This was indeed the beginning of Moll's acquaintance with the young mechanic, who had by his skill as a pugilist won her gratitude and her persecutor's hatred.

Moll Arkshaw's gratitude had since then ripened into love, but time could not deepen or



"IN HER OVERPOWERING LOVE, THE POOR GIRL THREW HERSELF UPON HIS BREAST."

not keep her in this agony of suspense, but tell her the worst, whatever it may be."

"Aye, do'ee," urged Moll, scarcely able to restrain her feelings; "I don't know what to dread and fear while thee keeps me waiting."

And the agitated girl threw herself on her knees by Mrs. Bolton's side, her face pale and eyes dilated with suppressed grief and anxiety.

"Elgh, my poor lass, it's yo' and me must suffer," said the old woman, laying her hand fondly on Moll's head; "thee'rt all I've got now my man's dead and my lad's in prison."

"In prison!" echoed both of the girls at once.

"Aye, in prison," replied the mother despairingly.

"But what for? What for is he in prison?" cried Moll excitedly.

"For stealing. I don't believe it, for he'd no cause to steal, and I'd never believe he'd do it if he was clemmed; but the p'lice come this evening, just as he was coming to see you, Moll, and they searched the house, and found what they said he stole, and they've tooked him away to prison. My poor lad, my poor lad!"

And she relapsed into another fit of weeping.

"In prison!" repeated Moll incredulously. "Willie Bolton in prison; I canna believe it! I won't believe it! Who dares to tell me such a thing?"

So saying, she rose to her feet, defiant, her eyes flashing, and by her manner seeming ready to do battle in defence of the being she loved.

But the mother's tear-stained desponding face, came upon her like a dread shadow of evil.

There was no hope, energy, even belief in her boy's innocence there, and the girl felt wronged and indignant for his sake, to feel that she, who ought to love and believe in him most, admitted the possibility of his guilt.

The mother's want of faith took the fierce defiance out of her, though it did not shake her own for a moment.

Though all the world were against him, she would not fail, and she would love and follow him with unwavering fidelity and faith to the very last.

So she vowed in that first moment of her

the revenge which, though a mistake, she knew the mill owner entertained against him.

She could not tell.

The last suggestion seemed too improbable, yet it was scarcely more so than that a man in comfortable circumstances, and with no need for the money, should be tempted to take what was not his own, and thus incur his social ruin.

The question was a difficult one to solve, but she was aroused from her abstraction by hearing Moll say—

"You'll stay here to-night, mother; there's my bed for thee, I'll lie on the sofa. This trouble will only draw us closer together. I know Willie's innocent, I feel it; but whether he's innocent or guilty, I'll follow him all the days of my life. I'll go to him to-morrow as soon as they'll let me see him, and I'll be a daughter to you whatever comes."

The old woman's heart was full; she could make no reply, but she threw her arms around the girl's neck, weeping over their mutual grief and yet with a feeling in her heart, as though she were helping her consoler to deceive herself, and that the cause of their grief was unworthy of such a heart, for had he not won, and then proved careless of it?

CHAPTER XXV.

BOB BRINDLEY.

Christmas morning, and the snow falling in soft white flakes, as it had done with very little intermission for a week past.

Save the church bells, pealing out a glad welcome, and calling on others to rejoice in the return of the day which was to bring peace on earth and good will towards men, Oldham was calm, silent, and buried in its winding sheet of snow, this cold dark morning.

The large chimneys of the factories and mills had ceased to belch forth their volumes of smoke, the steam hammer at the forge was silent, the whizz and whirl of the machinery was hushed, for there were three days holiday, three days for feasting and merrymaking, and for all the social enjoyment that Christmas brings round with it.

The coal pits and all the other hives of industry had turned out the human bees to taste the

intensify the bitter strength of Bob Brindley's hatred.

He was there at the door now, short, thick-set, bullet-headed, with a face which, with his broken nose and heavy jaws, reminded you irresistibly of a bulldog.

A bulldog trying to put on his best behavior, but not by any means the less repulsive on that account.

"Aye, I'm at home," replied Moll, summoning her courage to brave him, and stepping forward. "What do you want?"

"Only to be friends with thee, Moll. I war rough wi' thee, and I ax thee pardon. I've bin a long while in coming for it, but it be Christmas morning, and thou'lt no go to refuse it."

He tried to look humble and sincere, but the attempt was a failure; the bulldog could not assume the guise of the spaniel or the honest intelligence of the retriever; and Moll was conscious of and felt all this, even while she knew that her best policy was to temporise and appear to accept the olive branch he held out to her.

"Aye, I'll be friends wi' yo'; I bear no malice," she replied, reluctantly allowing him to take her hand; "but I be in trouble to-day, Bob, so thee must na be vexed if I don't ax yo' to come in, but I wish yo' a happy Christmas and many on 'em," and she held the door as though waiting to close it upon him.

But that was not what Bob wanted; he thought the coast was clear from his rival, and determined to make the most of the opportunity.

"I come fra my sister Hannah," he said, "to ax yo' to come to take tea wi' her this afternoon. Thee'll come, won't thee?"

"I canna; I've got somebody staying wi' me. Give my love to her, and thank her; I'll come one day praps."

"Thee'rt not looking well to-day, lass," he remarked, with something like genuine sympathy.

"Nay; I'm not, and I'm cold. Good morning, Bob."

And the tone in which this was uttered had such a positive ring in it, that Brindley felt there was nothing for him but to go without further hesitation.

"Well, good day lass; may thee be better soon," giving her hand a grip that was almost fierce in its intensity, and the next moment he turned away from the door, Moll closing it upon him with a sigh of relief.

"Whatever brings him here?" she said aloud with a shudder, as she went towards the fire to try to warm her chilled hands.

"Where the carcass is, there be the ravens gathered together," said Mrs. Bolton, who seemed to have lost all her elasticity, and to have sunk down crushed under the weight of trial that oppressed her.

"Don't be downhearted, mother," said Moll, trying to gain courage enough to support the sorrowing old woman, and nerve herself for the visit she was about to make.

"No, I'll try not to, but he war such a good son. My poor lad, my poor lad; he couldna have done it; though I sawed it wi' my own eyes, I'd no believe it."

And the poor woman rocked herself backwards and forwards, conjuring up with vivid memory the scenes of the past night, trying to extract some grain of comfort and belief in her son's innocence from it, and yet haunted by that fearful sight of his pale, bewildered face, instead of the outburst of indignant innocence which one would naturally have expected.

But outward appearances are often deceptive, and there are circumstances under which innocence is much more apt to appear like guilt than in its true character.

"Come, mother, I'm going to try to see Willie," said Moll, beginning to attire herself in a plain, though neat bonnet and shawl.

Poor Moll!

The blue satin dress which had only been worn twice, that was especially to have been aired on this particular day, had been looked at, it is true, but that was all.

It was unsuitable under the circumstances—out of place on the occasion, and with a sigh from its owner, the drawer in which it reposed was closed, as though with it also were shut out the brightest hopes of her life.

Do you blame Moll for her little bit of feminine vanity?

Do you think she was less of a heroine—less of a true-hearted woman in for loving and looking with regret upon the fine dress that had been purchased by her own hard daily toil?

If so, I disagree with you. It was part of her nature, as it is with many of us, to admire the beautiful, to like to adorn herself with it; but it was, after all, a feeling secondary to her love and sympathy for the griefs and trials of others, and like all non-essential things, easily set aside.

So she closed the drawer now, with a sigh over her past hopes, rather than for her unused finery, and prepared herself to go out on her anxious errand of comfort and consolation.

"What message shall I take him from you, mother?" asked the girl, when she was ready to depart.

"My love; and will he like to see me, and what can I send him, and tell him to swear to his innocence. Nothing more, lass, and God bless you! Thee deserves some at better, and I'd go wi' you, but I'd break down a-cryin'."

"Aye, thee's best here. Thee'll take care on her, Florence, and get the dinner ready by time I come whoam; and now I'm off. Praps arter all, I'll no be let to see him."

And thus she started; not with a very san-

guine heart, it is true, but feeling that, left alone as he was, Willie would expect her.

Little did she think or dream that another image, strangely unlike to hers, the image of one who cared nothing for him, who would have left him there to pine and die alone, haunted his sleeping and waking hours, deluding him now like some evil phantom, even to the very brink of the precipice, at the foot of which was destruction and ruin.

Not without difficulty did Moll obtain permission to see the prisoner; and when at last it was accorded, the bars, and locks, and bolts which confined him, seemed to eat into her very soul.

Still she forced back the ready tears; weeping was useless.

It would but grieve him, and she had come as a comforter and consoler, not as a mourner, to see him to-day.

"Willie, it's me," she said, timidly, as the gaoler opened the door and admitted her. "My poor lad, who would ha' thought o' this?"

And forgetting her fear and timidity in her overpowering love, she ran forward, and threw herself upon his breast.

A look of disappointment came over the young man's face when he saw who his visitor was, and noticed that she was alone.

He had been mad enough to hope that Florence would have contrived to come with Moll, and he longed for a sight of her fatally-fascinating face, almost more earnestly than he pined for liberty.

The expression, however, was but transient. Moll was a dear good girl; but for that other, he might have loved her dearly.

He had given her every reason to believe that she was the first in his heart and thoughts, and he felt more guilty before her, as he well might do, than with this dreadful charge of theft hanging over him.

Blushing at her own forgetfulness and seeming boldness, Moll lifted her head from his shoulder, and slightly shrinking from the arm that encircled her, said—

"Willie, lad, your mother come to me last night, and told me they'd took you, and she were heartbroken, and I made her stay the night wi' me and Florence; and this morning I thort thee'd be glad to see me, and hear that I don't believe the lies they tell on thee, and so I'm come. But they won't let me stay long. What can I do for thee?"

"Thou'rt a good lass, Moll, and I'm no worthy on you, but what they bring agin me isn't true, and I'm 'mazed like at all they say and seem to find out when I know nort about it. As I'm standing afore my Maker, I swear I know no more about the bag o' gold they say they found in the bed than thou dost. It's the work o' some enemy; but an' I live a hundred years, I'll find it out and punish them."

"Canst thee think who'd ha' done it, Willie? Not the spinner hessel, surely?"

"No, I don't think he did it; he's too sharp and too great a villain to do the thing hessel; besides, what motive can he have? He's not been running arter thee, has he?" he added, a sudden suspicion darting across his mind.

"Me, lad? Noa. He've got no eyes for nort but Florence; and if it warn't for his being bound to marry Lady Helen Beltram, the parson's sister, I sometimes think he'd wed Florence."

"Aye, but that's broken off; the parson's sister won't have nort to do wi' him. I heard it in the week—and thee thinks he'll wed Florence?"

He asked the question anxiously, breathlessly, as though he had some personal and vital interest in the matter.

"I don't know. He seems to foller her like a shadow; but what be that to us? It'd no set him agin you if he wanted her. It'd be more like Bob Brindley to try to vent his spite on you than the spinner, and Bob come to my door only this morning, and axed me to be friends."

"Ah, I never thort of him afore," said the young man, starting up as though a new light had dawned upon him. He never forgave the thrashing I gave him, and he follers thee still, Moll?"

"I've no seen him for a long while till to-day, and I don't know how he could ha' done it, and stole the money to lay it agin you. It don't seem likely, but it could never ha' bin the spinner."

"No, I suppose not, but it puzzles me. I can no make it out. Praps the lawyers can. Send Setley to me in the morning. He's the sharpest to ferret out the truth, and get a fellow off. And how does my mother bear it, poor soul? Thee'll be kind to her, Moll."

"Aye, lad, I'll be a darter to her till thee can comfort her theesel."

"Thou'rt a good lass, Moll, and I'm no worthy of you. But thou'll come again to-morrow. Mayhap thou canst help me."

"Aye, I'll come, and I'll send to the lawyer. But can aw do nort else for thee?"

His answer was silenced by the entrance of the gaoler, who came to announce that the time allowed to the visitor had expired; and with a hurried kiss and promise to come the next day, the two parted.

As Moll, with a sad, heavy step, unlike her usual quick tread, returned homewards, she came, at the corner of the street, into collision with two men, who were so deeply engaged in conversation as not to notice until they had knocked against her.

They naturally looked up, as she did also, and something like a cry of surprise escaped them all; and for an instant an expression of guilty detection, as though she had been the subject of their conversation, came over the faces of the

two men, who were no other than Bob Brindley and John Barker, Willie Bolton's cousin.

With a muttered good-morning, they passed on, but the memory of those two evil faces haunted her the whole of that sad Christmas Day.

(To be continued.)

THE KING'S BULL.

BY SIR HENRY POTTINGER.

CHAPTER I.

PEPITA'S LOVER.

I am about to relate the story of one Mendez Pinto, not the notorious liar, but the boldest bullfighter that ever entered the Spanish arena; and if it be asked, Is the story true, and how did you learn it? I reply that it is true, and that it was told at supper after a bullfight in the Seville ring, and in the presence of the descendant of the man whose exploit it commemorates.

In all Andalusia there was no prettier girl than Pepita, the daughter of Gomez, ex-bullfighter and seller of fried fish at Puerto Santa Maria. When dressed for the bullfight in her smartest Maja costume, she was a sight worth a long journey to see; with her slender ankles, arched insteps, and shapely legs, her tall undulating figure, her glorious dark eyes, and wealth of raven hair.

And Pepita was very partial to the Plaza; this taste, it is true, she shared in common with many thousand fair Spaniards, into whose heads the idea of there being any cruelty in the sport had never intruded itself, and who would probably have stared with amazement had such a notion been suggested to them; but the ring at P. Santa Maria had especial attractions for Pepita, inasmuch as she could there feast her eyes on the valiant deeds of Mendez Pinto, prince of picadors and her own betrothed lover. Time had been when the Pintos were a family of no small importance and prosperity, and had not two of their number shared in the toils and triumphs of Columbus? But the days of their high estate had departed, and their descendant, the hero of this tale, found himself, in the reign of Ferdinand VII., "pious, fortunate, and restored," enrolled in the second rank of bullfighters.

I say the second rank, because the social status of the picador was confessedly never equal to that of the matador; but so great was the strength and daring of Mendez, and so comprehensive his knowledge and skill in every branch of tauromachia, that not the most conceited of the swordsmen could feel his dignity compromised by the company of the great master of the lance. Popular opinion, if thoroughly canvassed, would probably have conceded to Pinto the proud title of the first bullfighter in Spain, and this at the date of our story, 182-, was no empty compliment, for a monarch more devoted to the fiesta de toros than Ferdinand VII. never filled the Spanish throne.

Ferdinand looked upon a good bullfighter as the noblest work of God, and next to him a good bull; it may indeed be doubted if he did not consider the dumb animal the superior of the two. A pretty woman and a genuine havannah possibly divided the third place in his esteem.

During his reign there was instituted a not unsuccessful attempt to restore something of the ancient glory of the Plaza, and the establishment of a tauromachian college, of which the King himself was head and all the nobility members, raised the dignity of the ring to an unprecedented pitch.

Except in the case of the bull, which was doomed to a succession of tortures and a death identical with those inflicted at the present day, the sport was conducted in a somewhat less bloodthirsty manner. Instead of the miserable worn-out hacks, fit only for the knacker's yard, which disgrace the modern arena, strong, active, and often valuable horses were supplied to the picadors; and the roar of applause which now greets the bull as he rips some wretched animal from shoulder to flank, was then bestowed on the rider whose strength and dexterity fended off the charge, and saved his steed from the murderous horns. He, indeed, who was able to carry his horse unscathed through the dangers of a whole fight was entitled to retain it as his own property. In this manner had Pinto gained possession of a very powerful and well-bred gray mare, which, on becoming the acknowledged "querido" of Pepita, he had presented to her father, old Gomez; and after the fair girl herself, there was nothing the ex-bullfighter regarded with so much pride and affection, and tended so carefully, as La Perla.

Next to the bullfighters and bulls, his pretty women and "purones," ranked in Ferdinand's estimation his regiment of guards; and never did royal favor inflict upon society a more swaggering and obnoxious set of bullies and swash-bucklers. It happened that at the date of our story a detachment of these favorites was in temporary quarters at P. Santa Maria. Now the claim of Pinto to the pretty Pepita had been readily allowed by the indigenous youth of that place, and there was not one amongst them who would have cared to cross the great picador in his loves; and this not only from a wholesome dread of his physical prowess, but with the natural gallantry of the Spanish

nation, it was agreed on all hands that the bravest, strongest, and handsomest man was properly matched with the fairest girl. But, as might be expected, the gentlemen of his Majesty's guards recognised no such provincial scruples or sentiments, and in an unlucky hour two of them cast an evil eye on Pepita.

One morning Gomez sent out his daughter with a message to a neighbor, and it was but natural that on passing the café which Mendez usually frequented she should peep in to see if her lover was there. There were but half-a-dozen people in the room, and Pinto was not amongst them. Pepita therefore would have retired as quietly as she entered, had not the way been barred by the extended arms of two of the royal guard, who had followed her unperceived.

"Pray let me pass, senores," said Pepita.

"Not until you have paid toll, my pretty one," answered the bigger and more audacious of the two. "No, hija di mi alma, I must first see if those red lips of yours taste as sweet as they look."

"And, por Dios, I too," added his companion.

And in spite of her resistance the two ruffians closed with the poor girl, and the first speaker, throwing his arm round her waist, pressed his lips to her cheek. But Pepita's was the last cheek those lips were destined to touch; for as the other guests, attracted by the scuffle, rose like gallant Spaniards to her assistance, the door was thrown violently open, the guardsmen were sent reeling back, and before them stood Mendez Pinto, his swarthy cheeks white with fury, and his dark eyes glowing like live coals.

With an instinctive feeling of imminent peril the hands of the soldiers clutched at their side-arms, but before the steel could leave the scabbard Pinto sprang upon them with the bound and roar of a savage tiger; extending his mighty arms, he seized each man by his outer ear, and with the rapidity of thought and the force of some deadly engine dashed their heads together in the midst; there was a dull crashing thud horrible to hear, and then the two men, released from his iron grasp, fell prone upon the floor of the café, the blood streaming from mouth and ear and eye.

The spectators stood aghast and tongue-tied with horror, as Pinto, passing his arm round the half-fainting Pepita, led her out of the café, and back to her father's house.

Very grave and anxious was the face of Gomez as he listened to Pinto's short account of what had occurred. He went out at once to the café, and presently returned with the intelligence that one of the guards was dead and the other dying; both their skulls were fractured by that fearful blow.

"It will cost your life, lad," he said to Mendez. "No excuse, no plea of provocation, will the King allow where his guards are concerned."

At this poor Pepita sank sobbing bitterly to the floor, and Mendez, now gentle and tender as he had lately been fierce and unsparing, occupied himself with consoling her with loving words and caresses.

But Gomez broke in upon the lovers.

"Now listen, Mendez Pinto," said he; "by your love for that girl, listen. There is but one chance for you, if you would win the King's pardon. Something you must do; something that has never been done in Spain before, and that no other man but yourself can do.—Pepita girl, rouse yourself, if you would help to save him. Run to the stable, and give La Perla a full flask of Val-de-Penas, and the broth of the stew that is on the fire, and then see her carefully saddled and brought round to the back door: in ten minutes the guard will be here to arrest him.—Mendez lad," he went on, "you must start for Madrid at once. This is Thursday. On Sunday the King holds a corrida real; at that fight you must be. You must get the promise of pardon before the real offence is known. In any case, you can but die; and better to die as a picador should, with the eyes of all Madrid upon you, than as a felon under the hands of the executioner."

Not long afterwards, Mendez had taken a tender farewell of Pepita, who, under the sense of her lover's terrible danger, overcame her own womanly weakness. Tearless and self-possessed, although pale as death, she fulfilled every injunction of her father. At the last moment she took from her attire a red-silk scarf, and gave it to Mendez.

"Whatever happens, mi querido," she murmured, "wear this for me."

"In life and death," he answered. Their lips met in one long lingering kiss; and then, at a sign from Gomez, Pepita went quietly back into the house, and Mendez, mounted on La Perla, sat at the back gate, listening to the old man's last instructions.

"You will have time enough to think it over between this and Madrid," said Gomez, with a kind of grim humor. "Remember, wherever you halt, the Val-de-Penas and the broth from the gulsado. With that La Perla will go for a man's lifetime. Let her have the same an hour before you fight. And, now, my son, God speed you. You must go, for I hear the hum of the crowd coming up the street on the other side. But Pepita has barred the door, and I am taking my siesta in the back room; and it will be hard if I hear the summons of the guard before you are far on your way. Farewell."

With a wave of the hand, a touch of the spur, and a shake of the rein, Pinto dashed up the street, half asleep in the quiet noonday, and began that long wearisome journey to Madrid.

Always slow and deliberate, like a true Spaniard, never in all his life did Gomez move slow-

ly and deliberately prepare and roll his cigarillo than now, as he stood listening to the receding beat of La Perla's hoofs. There was a half-triumphant smile on his shrewd face as he turned back into the yard. "Man and horse," he muttered, "there is nothing in all Andalusia can touch them. But God and the holy Virgin help them now, for they need it."

The cigarillo was consumed to the last puff before the old man, with well-feigned surprise and the sullen air of a Southerner aroused from his midday nap, responded to the summons of the alguacils. An angry murmuring crowd surrounded the officers; for the blood of P. Santa Maria had long boiled against the insolent demeanor of the guards, and now that the local hero was threatened with arrest and imprisonment, popular excitement was at its height, and the sharp click of the opening navaja began to be heard amid the confused hum of voices. But as the officials and the soldiers who accompanied them passed in to examine the premises, Gomez faced the crowd, and with an expressive glance and a rapid motion of the fingers, easily intelligible to a people with whom every gesture has its meaning, made known the safety of Pinto. There was a murmur of satisfaction, and then the inevitable, "Pues, señores, echemos un cigarito." Out came the little books, the pouches, and the flint and steel; and when the officers returned from their useless search, the crowd, collected in peaceful groups, was engaged to a man in the solemn enjoyment of tobacco.

CHAPTER II.

"THE BEST MAN AND THE BEST BULL."

Despite its many associations, it is a weary journey, that between Seville and Madrid, as I myself can testify, who performed it in the banquette of the diligencia. Ah me! we were young then, but the misery of that time comes back to me vividly—the glaring heat, the stifling clouds of dust, the incessant, "Anda, anda!" of the driver, the jangling of the bells, the jolting of the unstable box in which we were confined, and, above all, the reek and steam from the long team of mules. I remember how the anatomy of my dearest friends developed angles of superhuman size and excruciating acuteness; how they noticed the same phenomena in myself, and how savage we became in consequence. I remember, too, that in calmer moments we speculated with awe, not unmixed with envy, on the physical conformation of the boy who rode the leader, and who, sleepless and untiring, kept the saddle (and such a saddle!) from first to last.

On, still on, through the heat of the day and the silence of the night, halting only as long as was absolutely necessary, did Mendez urge the gallant grey towards Madrid. On, still on! Across the wide grassy plains beside the Guadalquivir, dotted with herds of bulls, which raised their heads with a sullen bellow as the solitary horseman went by; skirting the fair walls of stately Seville, and the red Moorish towers of Alcala de Guadaira; past the palms of Moncloa and the olive-groves of Ecija; by the domes and convents of Cordova and the cornfields of Andujar. On through the gloomy gorges of the Sierra Morena, the tawny monotony of La Mancha, and the vineyards of Val-de-Penas; starting the wild-fowl in the marshes of Guadiana, and waking the echoes of the rocky Oceanian hills; speeding past the cool gardens and gushing fountains of royal Aranjuez and the wastes of Valdemoro, until the first rays of the Sunday's sun were glinted back from the spires of Madrid, and the wondrous ride was accomplished.

The streets were nearly empty at the early hour when Mendez passed through the gate. He rode to a small quiet inn, kept by a brother of Gomez. Great was the astonishment of the proprietor when he saw who had roused him from his morning slumbers, but Pinto cut short his inquisitiveness abruptly.

"Ask no questions, my friend, and above all tell no one that I am here. You will know all in time. See the mare well cared for, and ready to fight, if need be, at three o'clock. Remember the stew and the Val-de-Penas. Have breakfast and the bed in the back room ready for me when I return."

And so saying he strode off to the house of Don Miguel Florez, chief manager of the royal bullfights. This important personage was equally surprised when he learnt the name of the early visitor in whose cause the servant had ventured to disturb him.

"Valgame Dios!" he exclaimed; "Mendez Pinto in Madrid! I wonder if he comes to fight to-day. How pleased the King will be! Show him in, show him in."

Now during his ride Pinto had matured the advice of Gomez, and had settled exactly what he intended to do; and therefore, in reply to Don Miguel's inquiries, without narrating the catastrophe of P. Santa Maria, he simply expounded that intention.

"Mendez, my son," said Don Miguel solemnly, when the bullfighter had concluded, "something has affected your brain; you cannot seriously mean what you say. Ah, que me burlas, mi amigo!"

"I would not venture to trifle with your excellency," said Pinto. "I mean it so far that since Thursday I have ridden from P. Santa Maria, to undertake it, by the King's leave, this very afternoon."

And so it happened that an hour afterwards Don Miguel, with a heavy heart—for he had a real regard for Mendez as a bullfighter—set out to lay before his most Christian Majesty our hero's hitherto unheard-of proposal.

Ferdinand VII., pious, fortunate, and restored, was in a heavenly temper that Sunday morning, with the prospect of a glorious bullfight before him. Wrapped in his dressing-robe, he was reclining in an easy-chair, sipping his chocolate and smoking one of his own peculiar puros, preparatory to attending mass in the royal chapel, when Don Miguel Florez was announced.

"Welcome, Don Miguel; always welcome, early or late," said his Majesty, with a gracious wave of his hand. "But what brings your excellency here at such an unearthly hour, and with such a grave countenance? Nothing wrong with the bulls, I trust."

"Nothing whatever, your Majesty," replied Don Miguel. "But, sire, I have to offer to your royal consideration the most astounding proposal it has ever been my lot to entertain since I have had the felicity of being connected with your Majesty's bullfights."

"Ave Maria purissima!" exclaimed the pious monarch, rubbing his hands in expectation. "Take a seat, man, and a cigar, and let us hear it."

"Sire," said Don Miguel, inhaling the delicious fragrance of the royal tobacco, "there is at this moment in Madrid a picador who is willing to match himself alone against the best bull that can be found in Spain. He will fight with the blunt garrocha, without padding and without greaves, in silk stockings and Majó dress, like a mere chulo. It is his desire that if he be overthrown none should assist him, and the bull be allowed to do his worst. If his horse be but scratched in the encounter, his life lies at your Majesty's disposal; but if he kill the bull, or fight him until he falls exhausted, he humbly prays that your Majesty will grant the request he shall ask."

"Que disparate," said Ferdinand contemptuously. "It is absurd; the thing is impossible. There is no man in all Spain can do it. You have been imposed on, my good Don Miguel."

"I can assure your Majesty that this is a genuine challenge, and from a man who will do his best to win."

"He is either a madman or a murderer," remarked the King sagaciously. "And the name of this suicide?"

"With your Majesty's permission, I am not at liberty to reveal."

"This becomes interesting," said Ferdinand, rising and striding across the room. "Now tell me, Florez," he continued, half-impudently, and coming to a sudden stop, "has De Veraguas anything to do with it? Does he back the man?" For the duke of that name was the King's great rival in bull-breeding, and as aficionados, or members of the "fancy," there was jealousy between the two on that score.

"On my honor I believe not, your Majesty."

"And do you know what request the man will make if he should chance to win?"

"I do not, sire."

"I cannot make him a grandee of Spain," said Ferdinand, "but any lower title or wealth I can bestow on the man who shall fairly perform such an unheard-of feat, a feat that would reflect honor on my reign, on the whole nation. I accept the conditions. If he wins, I will grant whatever favor he may ask and a King of Spain may bestow. But, por Dios," said Ferdinand, slapping his thigh, "he shall work for it, for we will have out El Re."

When Don Miguel heard these last words, his knees knocked together, and he let fall the royal cigar. Let me account for the discomposure of the chief inspector of bullfights.

Among the many splendid animals destined to be butchered for the delectation of Ferdinand and his subjects was one of the royal breed, preëminent for strength, activity, and ferocity, and the possession of all those "points" in which the initiated delight. The youth of this animal had been of singular promise, from the time when, as a bull-calf undaunted by branding-iron or garrocha, he turned furiously on his attendant herdsman, and when, baited as a "novillo," he spread havoc and trepidation among the baiters. Those who prognosticated his future greatness were not disappointed; never, since the days of the celebrated Harpado, had such a grand brute been seen in Spain as "the King's own Bull," which title was usually abbreviated into that of "El Re." For six years he had been reserved for some occasion worthy of his fame; and now, when Don Miguel learnt that his favorite Pinto was to be confronted by this prodigy, his humanity overcame his love of sport, and he was filled with consternation.

"El Re, sire?" he stammered; "El Re? Surely I believed your Majesty would reserve him—"

"No matter what you believed, sir," interrupted the King excitedly, as he noticed Don Miguel's evident emotion; "he shall not be reserved another day. The fight shall come off this very afternoon. See that it be properly announced for three o'clock, and let El Re be driven in at once. Ah, ha, Don Florez! you begin to tremble for your audacious Don Fulano; but hearken, sir. I will have no trifling in this matter. If the man enter the ring, by heaven he shall stay there until he or El Re be dragged out! And take care that the point of the garrocha be fairly sheathed. This braggart shall be taught a lesson."

"And he has your Majesty's promise if he wins?"

"If he wins," said the King shortly, "he has." And when Don Miguel had retired, his Majesty went to chapel with an easy conscience, as became an upholder of strict justice and a hater of deceit and arrogance.

Mendez, who had employed his time in making arrangements about his dress, and in the careful selection of a garrocha, received the

King's decision with proud composure. "It is fair," he said; "the best man and the best bull. No compro nada de gangas—I buy nothing a bargain;" and after paying a last visit to La Perla, he went to bed and slept soundly.

Great was the excitement among the aficionados of Madrid when, over the old bills of the approaching fight, appeared a placard notifying that the sports would be preceded at three o'clock by a "novedad" in which El Re and a nameless picador would be engaged.

To realise the extraordinary difficulty of the task which Pinto had undertaken, it must be remembered, first, that the picadors are usually securely padded in case of a heavy fall, the head protected by an enormous stiff-brimmed hat, and the right leg, which is always turned to the bull, by la mona, a greave of leather and iron. Mendez was to fight in silk stockings and Majó costume.

Secondly, that in case of a fall the attention of the bull is immediately distracted from the fallen horseman by the red cloaks of the chulos or footmen. Mendez was to be alone in the ring.

Thirdly, that the garrocha is a stout pole with a triangular point of iron but an inch in length when properly guarded, and is used only for fending off the charge, the bull being always killed by the sword of the matador after he is exhausted by the combat with the picadors, of whom there are usually three. Mendez was to be opposed to a perfectly fresh bull, which was to be killed or subdued with the garrocha only.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE OR DEATH.

The hour had arrived: every nook and corner of the vast amphitheatre of Madrid, boxes, benches, and pit, the very balustrades and barriers, seethed with a dense mass of anxious excited humanity. The fierce Iberian sun beamed with unclouded splendour, darting its fever alike into the folds of high and low, of rich and poor, of man, woman, and beast: into the sangre azul of the fair Castilian seated in the upper tier, whose eyes burned large and lustrous between the folds of the white mantilla; into the commoner lava that glowed in the veins of the swarthy Majó who lounged against the inner barrier; and into the thick red tide which the bull was soon to lavish on the dust of the arena. The shadow of the partial canopy overhead lay upon the sand in a clean curving line, like that of still waters on the beach, the rustle of twenty thousand fans created a mimic breeze, and the hum of voices sounded like the muffled roar of the surge. But the flutter of the fans was hushed instantaneously, and the loud murmur subsided to a death-like silence, as the gates were thrown open, and, in place of the glittering cortege of the ordinary bullfight, of the many-hued procession of picadors, chulos, and espados, closed by the gaily-caparisoned team of mules, there rode slowly into the wide arena the figure of a solitary Majó mounted on a noble gray steed. His features were concealed by a black mask, a red scarf was bound upon his arm, and he bore in his hand the garrocha of the picador. Madrid was fairly puzzled, Madrid was at its wits' end, as the caballero, profoundly saluting the royal box where sat Ferdinand, incredulous of his eyes, quietly crossed the Plaza, and took up his station against the barrier on the left of the toril or passage by which the bulls are admitted to the ring.

Then the key was tossed to the alguacil and deftly caught in his hat: the door of the toril was unlocked, and you could hear the sharp catching of the breath, throughout that mighty assembly as, with a leap like a stag, El Re bounded into the arena. El Re, the King's own bull! there was no mistaking him, for his brawny neck was encircled by a broad ribbon of scarlet and yellow, the royal livery of Spain, from which depended the device of a gilded crown and castle, the arms of Castile. A roar of applause greeted his entrance, and, dazed by the sudden clamour, and the transition from the darkness of his cell to the glare of open day, the magnificent brute stood like a bronze statue, his noble head raised, and his fierce eyes seeking for some object on which to vent his wrath.

On his left, like another statue, sat Mendez Pinto on the gray mare.

But apparently El Re considered this single antagonist beneath his notice, for with a disdainful toss of his mighty crest, he began to paw the sand. Then the horseman shook his garrocha, and the flutter of the red scarf on his arm caught the eye of El Re. With a deep murderous bellow, the bull lowered his front, and rushed straight at his enemy, and the duel to death had begun.

The sharp straight horns were within a few feet of La Perla's side, when Mendez met the charge with the point of the spear planted to an inch, true and fair, above the shoulder-blade, whilst he wheeled the mare slightly to the left. The terrific rush could not be stopped, but its deadly course was altered, and when El Re, half-blinded by the cloud of dust he had raised, and half-stunned by the shock with which he encountered the barrier, recovered his sight and senses, there, again ahead of him, provokingly calm, sat Pinto on the grey mare. Fiercer even, and to the spectators more irresistible than the first, was the second rush of the monster smarting under the sting of the garrocha, and again was his fury forced to expend itself on sand and timber, whilst Mendez galloped ahead and took up a fresh position.

I will not undertake to describe the many phases of that marvellous encounter—how unfaltering was the savage determination of the

brute, and the courage and coolness of the man. If the ferocity and activity of El Re were such as had never before been witnessed by the oldest frequenter of the Plaza, they were surpassed by the dexterity and horsemanship of Pinto; nobly seconded by La Perla, he exhausted every art of the picador. It would be still more impossible to convey an idea of the agony of excitement which pervaded the spectators, from the King downwards.

How strong men writhed and gesticulated, and shouted until their voices fell to a hoarse shriek; and stately women and fair girls forgot their conventional decorum, and with eyes, breasts, and mouths flashing, heaving, and panting, sprang up and leant over to bestow their applause; and how, like a consuming fire, there ran through that vast crowd a longing for the end, a lust for blood, for death,—of either man or bull.

At last it came. Not less than eighteen times had El Re charged home, and eighteen times had the spear-point been planted with cruel exactness, until the gore poured down from one great wound above the shoulder, to leave a ruddy trail upon the sand. Then, as the combatants stood facing each other, Mendez felt La Perla sway beneath him, and knew that the critical moment had arrived.

For the first time he took the initiative. And now began an exhibition of skill and daring never surpassed. With the garrocha held low in rest, and his eye fixed on the blood-shot orbs which followed his slightest movement, slowly, almost imperceptibly, so as to avoid provoking a charge, he backed La Perla in a half-circle, until the point of the spear lay at an acute angle behind the shoulder of the bull. Those only who were nearest, straining over the barrier to catch, like true aficionados, the niceties of the combat, could hear the words, "Ahora o nunca, por mi vida, o por mi muerte;" and lifting La Perla with spur and hand and will, with the inexplicable sympathy which exists between a true rider and his horse, he hurled her at the bull. So rapid was the dash, that before El Re could make a half-turn to meet it, the spear was in his shoulder, driven with the full weight of man and horse, with the full vigor of that tremendous arm. Beneath the terrific impulse the blunt point burst through the lacerated hide, and irresistible as the keen blade of the matador, the huge shaft followed, boring through flesh and brawn and muscle, right down into the very heart of the mighty bulk; the mass still surged and heaved and struggled against the mortal agony, the tough garrocha bent like a wand, and La Perla reeled and tottered like a drunkenman, but the arm of Mendez was as a bar of steel. You would not have said that the horse was supporting the rider, but that the rider, holding by the spear-shaft, was sustaining the horse between his knees, and so the three remained, until the last convulsive throes died out of what was once El Re, and La Perla, though shivering in every limb, had recovered from her exhaustion; then with one mighty effort Mendez drew out the garrocha, and removing his mask, again saluted the royal box.

"And you ask, my gallant Mendez," said Ferdinand, "you ask for—?"

"That which I have risked, your Majesty, my life."

"Your life, man; por Dios, how is your life in danger now?"

"I have had the misfortune to kill two of your Majesty's guards at P. Santa Maria."

"Two of my guards!" thundered Ferdinand; "two of my guards! and you come here expecting to save your own miserable life. Ah, scoundrel! you have laid a trap for me. Had I but known before I pledged my word, not if you had killed fifty bulls with your naked hands, should you have escaped. Vengo sofocado! Begone, rascal! out of my sight, and let me never see or hear of you again!"

But after Ferdinand's first passion had subsided he did see and hear of Mendez again; for with the despatch from P. Santa Maria came a petition, signed by the principal inhabitants, against the general conduct of the guards, and the King inquired carefully into Pinto's case; and finding that there had been provocation enough to justify, at all events in Spanish eyes, the cutting of at least half-a-dozen throats, and that the double homicide was more the result of an unfortunate superfluity of strength than of *malice prepense*, inasmuch as probably any other man in the kingdom of Spain might have knocked together the heads of two of his Majesty's guards without producing any material effect: considering all this, he not only forgave Pinto, but rewarded him liberally. Nay more, he insisted that Gomez and his daughter should be sent for, in order that the latter might be married to her lover in Madrid, and bask in the sunshine of royal favor. Which was done accordingly. But the volatile monarch being deeply smitten with the fair Andalusian, the sunshine of royal favor waxed so warm, that old Gomez, who was sufficiently loyal not to desire his sovereign's head to be broken, one fine day persuaded Pinto to undertake the return journey to P. Santa Maria, somewhat more slowly and comfortably than he had come. So the three went back to their native town, where the family of Pinto still flourishes in the bullfighting line, though no member of it has hitherto equalled the exploit of their grandfather with El Re.

GENEROSITY during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

For the Favorite.

O HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY E. A. O.

O, happy, happy children,
All things to you seem bright;
It taketh but a little
Your young hearts to delight.
Your day is fair and pleasant,
With clear and cloudless skies;
The joys of earth look real,
View'd with your childish eyes.

O, merry, romping children,
Engaged in joyous play,
Your hearts are light and happy,
Your faces bright and gay;
Your laughing eyes are dancing
With pleasure, fun and glee,
Oh! would that you could ever
From trouble be as free.

Your hearts are overflowing
With sweet and childish joy,
You know not earthly sorrows
Your pleasures may destroy.
Think not the bliss of childhood
Is always going to last;
You do not know how quickly
Our brightest days are pass'd.

O, happy, happy children,
For everything you view
Wears all the gorgeous splendor
Of the lovely rainbow hue.
Your hearts are not bedimmed,
Nor your eyes bedimmed with tears,
You know nought of the sorrows
Of life's maturer years.

Play on, play on, dear children,
Be happy while you may,
The rosy morn of childhood
Ere long will pass away;
And it may be that sorrow
Your portion then shall be,
And some of you may founder
Upon life's stormy sea.

But should your voyage be pleasant
Life's troubled ocean o'er,
And no white swelling surges
Around your pathway roar;
Still you will never, never,
When childhood's passed away,
Enjoy the heartfelt pleasure
That you do now to-day.

LENNOXVILLE, ONT.

FACE TO FACE.

My first meeting with Mr. Owen Curtis, barrister-at-law, happened a good many years ago. He was junior counsel for the plaintiff in an action for damages brought against a railway company. There had been a collision on the line, and his client, a passenger, had sustained severe injuries. I was one of the medical witnesses.

There had been a medical consultation in order that the counsel engaged might be thoroughly instructed as to the technical and scientific questions arising from the evidence. It devolved upon Curtis to master these details of the case so that he might duly prompt his leader as the trial proceeded. I had, therefore, several interviews with the junior counsel, and I remember being much struck with his quickness of perception, and the soundness of his judgment in deciding upon the points to be specially urged upon the jury. He had little scientific knowledge to begin with, but his trained intelligence, his retentive memory and logical method stood him in good stead. He acquitted himself admirably. It was mainly owing to his exertions that the jury were so liberal in their award of compensation to his client. His leader—who only came into court to deliver his speeches—warmly thanked him, and the judge particularly complimented him. I make mention of these facts with a view to the character and qualities of the man being the better comprehended.

The case over, it so chanced that I met Curtis again and again. There was at no time the intimacy of friendship subsisting between us, but rather a good sort of understanding, based, I suppose upon mutual esteem and professional consideration. If I ever needed legal help, I felt sure of obtaining it at his hands; so, if he wanted medical advice, I took it for granted he would come to me.

Still, even in this informal way, I could hardly count him as a patient, for he so rarely called anything. He was a tall, large-framed, middle-aged man, of active habits, and with every appearance of great physical strength. His complexion was swarthy, his features were massive but regular, his eyes large and dark without being remarkably brilliant. His forehead was broad, and looked lower than it really was, from his wearing his thick, brown-black hair falling forward upon it in heavy masses. He was usually rather careless about his dress, but altogether his aspect was decidedly that of a gentleman.

He called upon me rather late one night, begging me to pardon his so doing on the ground

that he greatly desired to consult me, and to occupy more of my time, perhaps, than I could conveniently devote to him earlier in the day. I was alone, and I hastened to assure him that my services were quite at his disposal. He looked anxious and jaded, I noted, and his manner was certainly agitated. His hand was tremulous and feverishly hot. His voice was weak and husky, and he seemed to have unusual difficulty in expressing himself. I confess, it occurred to me that he had been dining too freely. Presently, however, I was able to dismiss this notion. He grew more composed, and succeeded in controlling the nervous excitement which had at first appeared to affect him. I judged him to be suffering from over-fatigue and excessive application to his professional duties. He admitted that his health was but indifferent, that his appetite now often failed him, and that, of late, his sleep had been much disturbed. My advice was of the kind usual under the circumstances. I recommended rest, change of air and scene, with some recourse to tonic treatment. He nodded his head, and implied that he had been fully prepared to receive advice of that nature.

"But there's more in it than you think," he said after a pause, during which his agitation returned to him. "I have not told you all. It's not ordinary assistance that I ask of you. I came to you because I felt sure that you would, in the first place, listen to me calmly and patiently, and next, having heard me, would not be in a hurry, as many men would be, to set me down as stark mad. Please understand the expression literally—stark mad."

"Certainly not," I said, with a start, wondering at his words. He was much moved, and had the air of one constraining himself to make a painful confession. But in look and manner he manifested no trace of mental disorder.

"Yet," he resumed, "to pronounce me of unsound mind would only be a reasonable conclusion. If my case were another's I should certainly not hesitate so to decide. Indeed, I have the greatest difficulty, as it is, in divesting myself of the conviction that I am, to speak plainly, going mad. More, than on one subject, on one only, so far as I can at present determine, I am already mad."

I ventured to suggest that morbid imaginings of the kind he mentioned were frequently due to the depression of spirits which accompanies derangement of the physical system, exhaustion of strength, and undue concentration of the mental faculties; that with the renovation of his general health, I had no doubt, these particular fancies of his, however distressing and acute they might now be, would speedily depart.

"But you will not decline to listen to me?" he asked.

I said I thought it would be more prudent to leave the matter at rest, for the present at any rate, and I asked him to let me see him again after he had followed my prescriptions and permitted himself an interval of retirement and repose. We could then, I added, if the necessity for so doing still existed, go fully into the subject he had referred to. This proposal did not content him, however.

"There is no time to lose," he said, excitedly. "Already I may have delayed too long. It is hard to speak on this matter, even to you; but it is harder still to keep silence. The burden of doubt and fear I have been bearing is becoming quite insupportable to me. Think what my position is. I feel that at any moment I may be charged with being insane, and I am conscious that I have no sufficient answer to the charge. Still I feel myself competent and sane enough to discuss the subject, to reason upon it, as though the case were not my own, but another man's. How long shall I be able to do so? Who can say? In justice to myself I ought to speak now."

"But surely," I said, "you are attaching exaggerated importance to a passing fancy, generated by ill health, which will soon, of itself, wholly cease to trouble you."

"Judging, then, by what you know and can now see of me, putting aside what I have just now said, you would pronounce me sane?"

"Unquestionably," I answered.

"I should think so too, but for one circumstance. My health, as I have told you, is not so good as formerly, still I do not find my capacity for work affected to any appreciable extent. I have been much occupied of late, but not excessively so. I can detect no decline of my professional reputation. My clients still trust me, the attorneys still bring me work. Ask any man at the bar and he will tell you that I am held in general esteem as a 'rising junior.' I believe even now the Chancellor would give me 'silk' if I cared to move towards taking it. You yourself would probably not hesitate to follow my legal opinion if you were in any difficulty. So far then I am not less sane than my fellows. But how comes my—what am I to call it? Let me employ a mild term, and say delusion. You will let me speak of it?"

I could not refuse.

"Granting me sane then, otherwise, in one respect I am strangely, terribly at fault. I'll be as brief as I may. When I look in the glass what ought I to see?"

"Your own image, of course."

"The reflection of a dark man, full-faced, with strongly marked features and nearly black hair?"

His description of himself was sufficiently accurate.

"Well, I see nothing of the kind."

"What then do you see?"

He hesitated a little, then he said with some effort:

"When I look in the glass, it seems to me that quite another face than mine looks out of the glass at me."

"And this face?"

"I can scarcely describe it. But it's not my face; it is different in form, color, expression, in every respect."

"But this is surely an optical delusion."

"It is rather, I think, a fatal hallucination, or evidence of diseased brain."

"You have looked in a defective plate. Your mind is ill at ease. Your nerves have been unstrung. You have surrendered yourself to some complete misconception."

"Such would be no doubt a satisfactory explanation of a delusion of the kind in an ordinary case. But I may say that I am not weakly constituted in mind or body. I am wholly without the imaginative faculty. I am hardened against fanciful influences. I am by nature, by education, and by professional habit, strictly a practical, reasoning, and commonsense creature. I am incapable of giving sudden and rash credence to an idea of this kind, of accepting it without the most resolute resistance, the fullest examination. It is no affair of a defective looking-glass peered into by a frightened, imaginative, credulous man. I have tried the thing again and again. I have tested it in every way I could think of. I have studied and investigated it as I would a case formally submitted to me for a legal opinion. I have cross-examined it, if I may so express myself, as I would a suspicious witness. Candidly, then, am I a man likely to be mistaken as to my experiences in this matter?"

I felt bound to admit that I believed him to be as little likely as myself to be readily deceived in such a case.

"I have tried the thing not in one possibly defective glass as you have suggested, but in five hundred glasses."

"With the same result?"

"Always with the same result."

There was a glass over the mantelpiece in my room. I stood up before it.

"Look here," I said, "and tell me what you see." He came to my side. "You see my reflection to begin with. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Now turn to your own. What do you see?"

"The face I have spoken of. Not mine, nothing like mine, but another man's; a face I have seen only in the glass when I have looked to find my own."

"It is like no face you have ever seen before?"

"It is like no face I have ever seen before, even in my dreams. I am not mistaken in this matter. I am not the victim of an optical delusion. I know what my own face is like. This is not the case of an ugly old woman studying her glass, and expecting to find herself young and beautiful. I am indifferent as to my general appearance. It would not pain me to hear myself pronounced hideous and misshapen. Still I know this is not my face. What that is like I have satisfied myself. I made it my business to satisfy myself." He produced a packet of photographs. "Here are various portraits of myself, more or less successful. I can recognize them all as portraits of myself. None bears the slightest resemblance to the face I now see in the glass exactly opposite me."

"And you cannot describe it?"

"Rather say that I can give no description of it that at all satisfies me in regard to accuracy and completeness. But I am, as you know, or perhaps as you do not know, something of an artist. I can boast a certain facility in sketching. Well, I have frequently endeavored to sketch this face that looks out at me from my looking-glass. I have not wholly succeeded. Something of expression and air escapes my art, defies my pencil. Still what I have drawn may help you to conceive the kind of face I see, and will convince you that it is nothing like my own or any distortion or mistaken view of it. I have made several sketches, all failing, however, in some respects. Whether it proves more my sanity or insanity, I cannot decide, but I may state that I have made these drawings calmly and deliberately, with little more excitement than I should feel in taking a sketchy portrait of some person quite indifferent to me—a bystander in court, let me say."

It struck me as, in any case, decidedly creditable to the strength of his nervous system that he should have been able composedly to make a drawing of the spectre, if it was so to be called, he believed to be haunting him.

"This face you speak of occasions you no alarm, then?" I inquired.

"I am not emotional, and I am not easily alarmed. In itself, the face I see where I should of right see my own, does not much disturb me, except inasmuch as it is to be accounted a symptom of diseased brain, and as it compels me to suspect my state of mind. At first I was merely affected by a state of strangeness and uneasiness. I was hopeful that the delusion—for so, I suppose, I must call it, though it is to me a matter of most indisputable fact—would sooner or later fade and depart, that I should overcome and banish it by sheer strength of intellect and force of volition. This has not happened. I have grown, therefore, vexed, discomfited, tormented beyond measure. You will say that I might escape this delusion—this thing—by avoiding looking-glasses. No doubt. A looking-glass is a small matter to me, and I could live well enough without one. But then you must understand the constant, unrelenting temptation to test my mental condition—to ascertain whether I am or

not still the victim of this extraordinary visitation. I am forever asking myself, Am I mad or not? Is the spectre still there? Shall I see myself or another if I turn to the glass? My strength is yielding. I feel myself gradually borne down. So I come to tell you of my state, and to ask if you can help me, feeling satisfied that, knowing me as you do, you would not hurriedly, or without due listening to me, form an opinion in the matter."

His manner was perfectly rational, and, allowing for the very natural distress he experienced in speaking of a condition of things that, as he well knew, impeached his own sanity, he could not have stated a case in court with more calmness and lucidity.

I turned to examine his drawings. They were slight, free-handed sketches in pen and ink, exhibiting considerable artistic skill, of a very curious looking head. Certainly there was scarcely a shadow of resemblance in this portrait to Curtis's own face, except, perhaps, in regard to the regularity of the features. The expression was one of acute suffering. It seemed to me the portrait of a man many years older than Curtis, gaunt, emaciated, broken down by prolonged care and anguish. The skin appeared so tightly drawn over the bones of the face, that it wore quite a skull-like look. The eyes were deeply sunken, yet gleamed like burning coals from out the dark shadow of the overhanging brows. The hair was thin, long, and disordered, blanched apparently by time and sorrow. It was, indeed, a dreadful face, with something inhuman, unearthly, and appalling in the ghastliness and ghostliness of its air and presence. Its looks haunted me long after I had put away from me the drawings. The more I considered them the more a sense of awe and repulsion grew upon me. And this was the face Curtis was forever seeing in the place of his own in the looking-glass! No wonder, strong man though he was, he had become cowed at last, had felt his brain yielding, had surrendered himself to something like terror.

"Well?" he asked.

For some moments I remained silent. What could I say?

"What do you think of my case?"

The word "monomania" was on my lips, but I refrained from uttering it. Was he, in truth, mad? or was he, as he himself suggested, the victim of some extraordinary and supernatural visitation?

I begged that he would allow me time to consider the matter fully, and to form a deliberate opinion. I urged him, meanwhile, to give himself repose and change at any rate.

A fortnight afterwards I received a brief note from him. He did not refer to the subject of our conversation, but bade me adieu for some months. He had undertaken, it appeared, a commission to examine witnesses in a distant colony. He looked forward to the voyage greatly benefiting his health. His letter was in all respects that of a sane man. For years I had no tidings of him whatever.

II.

"I have fewer patients than usual just now," said my friend Doctor Gurwood one day. I was visiting his establishment at Twickenham.

"I suppose I ought to congratulate myself on the success of my curative system. Yet now and then I come across a case that baffles me altogether. I will show you a patient who quite defies my skill. He has been some time in my charge, but his state is, I fear, wholly irremediable. I should be glad to have your opinion."

Doctor Gurwood, I should state, was an authority on brain disease, and famous for his successful treatment of the insane.

"The present form of the patient's malady is settled melancholia, with its most difficult and distressing incidents; and these are aggravated by great physical prostration. He is quite harmless. Of acute dementia I have for some time been unable to discover any trace remaining. But his constitution is terribly shattered, and any attempts to rouse the mental faculties have been altogether vain. I have removed as far as possible all restraint and surveillance. I have endeavored, according to my usual practice in such cases, to bring the patient within the operation of the most kindly, domestic, social, and humanizing influences. But the results have, I confess, disappointed me. I fear I can do little more now than leave nature to work out her own ends. You shall judge for yourself."

He led the way to a small, but well-lit and neatly furnished apartment on an upper floor of the house. In an arm-chair by the window there reclined the motionless, frail, shrunken figure of a man, his head bowed so that the chin rested upon his chest, and his thin, wasted hands outstretched, flaccid and helpless, in front of him. I judged him to be sixty years of age. His complexion was of waxen white; his features looked sharp and rigid from attenuation; he seemed to me more like a carving in ivory than a creature of flesh and blood. His lips were hueless; his hair, rough and unkempt, harsh and dry in quality, was of an ashen gray. Indeed, the way in which all color, save of a neutral sort, appeared to have faded from the man as from a dead flower, was one of his most marked characteristics.

"A very hopeless case, I fear," said the physician, after a few moments. He half drew down one of the window-blinds, by way, as it seemed to me, of doing something to excite the attention of the patient. It was in vain, however. The figure remained still as a corpse.

He addressed some few words to it, a commonplace inquiry. It made no answer.

"This is not one of our good days by any means," said Doctor Gurwood. Gently he touched the man on the shoulder. The figure started a little, raised its head until slowly its eyes came level with the doctor's face. Such strange, staring eyes; fierce, and yet blank-looking, from their lack of all human intelligence. There was no recognition in them; there scarcely seemed indeed to be speculation. They were as the wide-open yet purblind eyes of some wild creature dazed by the daylight.

But I then knew, what before had occurred to me involuntarily only as a strange and distressing suspicion. I recognized—I found myself compelled to recognize—the face before me. It was the face Curtis had sketched, the face that haunted him, that, as he had avowed, looked out at him from his looking-glass!

"He never speaks. He will rarely take food except upon compulsion. Yet this obstinacy no longer arises from suicidal mania. All inclination of that kind has long since abated, and I am under no apprehension of its return, so far as its more violent symptoms are concerned, at any rate. He gives little trouble now. But his state does not yield in any appreciable degree to my treatment."

"And you think nothing more can be done for him."

"I know of nothing. Have you any suggestion to offer? But, indeed, it's clear to me that the man is rapidly sinking."

"You know his story?"

"I have full particulars in my books. I always make it a condition that I am thoroughly informed of a patient's antecedents, and, so far as they can be ascertained, the exciting causes of his malady."

We were now in Doctor Gurwood's private room. He referred to one of the volumes ranged in front of his desk.

"I see he has been now a long time under my charge; a much longer time than I had thought. His age is forty-six; a barrister by profession; his name Owen Curtis."

I started. The doctor continued turning over the leaves of his book as he spoke.

"I remember all the facts of the case now. He was at one time in very good practice—was highly thought of at the bar. He left England on a commission to examine witnesses at Port Phillip in a case of some importance. His journey was fruitless, however; the case never came into court, but was suddenly compromised. Curtis had been for some time in ailing health. He remained in Australia, and, after an interval, practised at the colonial bar. He had great success, and his prospects were excellent. He was a general favorite; but then occurred an unfortunate accident which I see I have registered here as 'exciting cause of mental alienation.' I can't but think there must have been predisposing conditions, however. It seems he was retained to defend a prisoner on a capital charge. It was a case of murder, or suspected murder, which had occasioned very general excitement in the colony. Curtis was chargeable at most with an error of judgment, an excess of confidence in his own opinion; but the consequences were of a fatal kind. It seems he relied upon a point of law and his skill as an advocate, and withheld from the jury certain important evidence—prevented, indeed, a most material witness from entering the box. The general opinion was that this witness could have fully established the innocence of the accused, for the best of reasons, some say, that the witness was the real criminal and the accused wholly innocent. But the case for the prosecution involved the prisoner in a complicated web of circumstantial evidence which the advocate vainly endeavored to break through. He missed the real weak place in it, and misdirected his attack. The defence failed miserably; the prisoner died on the scaffold. Popular sympathies went with him—he was proclaimed a murdered man. Curtis was denounced on all hands. It was ruin to him, or something very like ruin. His health broke down; symptoms of aberration ensued. He was sent home by an early ship to his relations in England. On the passage he went, simply raving mad, and it was found necessary to confine him in irons. In that state he came to me. He has ever since remained an inmate of my establishment. I don't know that I need enter further into the case; but I have here full particulars if you feel interested in them. 'Course of treatment pursued,' set out at great length; I like to record every detail of the case, with the dates, medicines administered, &c. 'Acute dementia,' 'acetate of morphia with hot baths,' and so on; 'suicidal monomania,' a long story, you see, until we come to 'settled melancholia,' 'no lucid intervals,' 'general health very bad,' 'extreme prostration of bodily strength.' A very curious case altogether, and, in its way, one of the most distressing that ever came under my attention."

He closed the book. I was silent for some minutes, reflected upon what I had heard. I then stated to Dr. Gurwood the facts of my former acquaintance with Curtis and his consultation with me in regard to his mental condition. I told the story of the delusion, if it was to be so called, under which he labored.

"That entirely confirms my view that a predisposition to aberration had long existed," said Doctor Gurwood.

"Can you account in any way for the curious circumstances that the face he saw in the glass, or thought he saw, at any rate that he made a drawing of, long years ago, is really an accurate resemblance of the man himself in his present deplorable state?"

He did not answer very directly.

"You are sure that you are not yourself importing fancy into the case? That your own recollection of Curtis's story and of the drawings he exhibited to you is perfectly sound and unquestionable? Imagination, you know, is very apt to play tricks with memory, to add color to its facts, to distort their form and substance. The man was, of course, the victim of a delusion. The insanity he now suffers under, had already, though perhaps imperceptibly, commenced. His mind was yielding; it was presently to give way altogether."

I ventured to suggest that his observation did not fairly meet the case.

"I can only deal confidently with my own facts," he said. "I can't accept your facts as though they were within my own experience. I must, if I may say so without offence, doubt your statement of the case. Impressed with Curtis's delusion, have you built upon it another delusion?"

I could only say that I was not a likely man, I thought, to be the subject of delusions.

"Certainly not," he said. "But it's your case, and, therefore, I don't feel bound to find an explanation of it. You see, as scientific, as sensible men, we can't admit, we can't discuss for a moment, the conclusion to which your story points, the theory of prophetic vision, which Highlanders call, or used to call,—for I don't suppose they still cling to such notions,—second sight. There's an explanation for you if you like to accept it."

"But is there no other?" I asked.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "taking your statement of the case, why not regard it as one of mental hallucination attended by remarkable complications of coincidence?"

The definition did not satisfy me, and I could see that he was not himself content with it. But I had not—I have not now—any other to offer.

For the Favorite.

A STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,

OF MONTREAL.

"Here is a letter for you, my dear," said Mr. Blandford, handing it over to his daughter, who was sitting opposite to him at the table, and at the moment pouring out a cup of tea.

Flora looked up as her father spoke, and took the letter, smiling with pleasure as she glanced at the handwriting of a dear friend, an old school-fellow of hers, who had been married two summers before. Flora had not seen her since, nor heard from her but twice in that period, the young couple having traveled very much about, and, from their being unsettled, little communication could be kept up between the friends.

As soon as tea was over, Flora read the letter. It said the Hawthorns were now settled in a pretty villa near the banks of the Mississippi, and Flora was to pay them a visit. "No refusal will be taken," concluded the missive.

"It is an invitation to me, papa, to pay Lucy a visit. She tries to bribe me by picturing her new home as a fairy land."

"Well, my love," replied her father, "I suppose you will go; I should like you to take a change. You have been looking pale of late, and I could not leave my duties to take you anywhere."

"I do not know, papa," said Flora; "I should not like to leave you alone. You know I have never gone anywhere since dear mamma's death."

"That must not prevent you, my pet," replied her father. "I think I could persuade your aunt Milly to leave her little rookery and take charge of me for a few weeks."

"If aunt Milly will come, papa, I may venture to leave you, but I shall not remain long; two weeks is quite enough for Flora to be away from her old darling papa," and she rose and laid her arm caressingly around her father's neck.

Flora looked lovely as she stood, the rays of the setting sun gleaming in through the open casement, burnishing her pale brown hair, which rippled back from her white forehead, and the large gazelle eyes looking down so affectionately. Flora was of medium height and well formed, but her smile was her peculiar charm, a smile which beamed over her face, which was usually serious, and lit it up like a meteor flash.

Fascinating she was, and many of the opposite sex thought so; but the tender passion had as yet made no inroad on Flora's heart. All her devotion was to her father, and care and attention to the poor of the district of which he was the pastor. No wonder that Mr. Blandford idolized his daughter more than it was wise for him to do.

Aunt Milly agreed to come in Flora's absence, and all was settled for her visit, and she began to be busy with some little preparations, when one morning she came down stairs looking sad and dejected. She kissed her father as usual, but not with the cheerfulness she generally greeted him.

"What is the matter, my love?" said Mr. Blandford, looking at his daughter inquiringly. "Has anything occurred to trouble you?"

"Oh! no, papa," Flora replied, "nothing really; but I do not feel quite happy this morning; yet it is an idea that I know you will call foolish; in fact, dear papa, I have had a sudden presentiment that if I go on this visit some misfortune will attend it. A silent voice seems to whisper to me, 'Don't go, don't go,' and I can't shake it off."

"When did you first think of this, my love?" said her father.

"Last night, papa, I awoke suddenly, and the first thought was what I have told you. I had not been dreaming to my recollection."

"It is all nonsense, my dear; it was a dream which, although you do not remember it, has fastened itself on your mind. Dismiss it from your thoughts. You can get in no danger but what the Almighty allows, and you will be as safe traveling as you are here in this room."

"Yes, papa, I know that; but may not this be sent me as a warning to guard me from some danger which I could not be saved from in the common course of events? Oh! indeed I cannot go, dear papa; do not let me leave you!" and Flora burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Mr. Blandford was astonished beyond measure, for Flora had no nervous fancies or whims, and always acted with calmness and fortitude in any emergency. He feared his daughter was ill, and her brains disordered.

"My child, I hope you are not ill," said Mr. Blandford, drawing his daughter to him.

"No, papa, I do not think so; it is only this idea that troubles me."

"Then dismiss it from your brain, Flora, it is only an idle phantasy; do not speak of it any more, and you will forget it. I am surprised that my daughter should be superstitious when she knows her father's abhorrence of anything of the kind," and Mr. Blandford's placid brow slightly contracted with annoyance.

Flora kissed her father, and promised to allude to the subject no more, which she kept; but her thoughts were beyond her control, and the warning voice kept ringing in her ear.

Aunt Milly arrived, and the next day Flora was to start. She retired to bed earlier than usual that evening, but she could not sleep.

"I surely am ill or going mad," she thought; "I never felt like this before. I have a mind to brave papa's displeasure and Lucy's disappointment and not go; yet I suppose I must go, there is no help for it," and she burst into tears, and wept herself to sleep.

When she went down to breakfast the next morning she was so deathly pale her father was startled.

"Flora, my love, you are not well; you require medical advice; you must not go in that state."

"I do not think I am ill, papa, only a little nervous about leaving you; however, as soon as I start I suppose I shall be all right. Lucy and Mr. Hawthorn are to meet me at the station, and it would not do to disappoint them."

Flora bid good-bye to her aunt and started for the station, accompanied by her father. She clung to him convulsively when he was bidding her good-bye, and wept bitterly. As the train rumbled off Mr. Blandford began to fancy, for the first time, that perhaps he had done wrong in not heeding his daughter's presentiment; perhaps such warnings might be sent to us. However, by the time he reached home he had dismissed the idea, and only prayed the Almighty to keep his child from danger.

As soon as Flora started in the train the excitement which is often felt by those unaccustomed to traveling dissipated the nightmare fancies from which she had been suffering, and she began to think that her father was right when he said her nerves were disordered. That night she slept better than she had done for many nights, and the next morning began to feel quite cheerful as the train went dashing by, through fields, by farm-houses and romantic glades, the bright sunshine and soft summer breeze adding to the pleasure of the scene.

Flora continued for some time to enjoy this fitting landscape until she became lulled into a kind of dreamy repose, when she was startled by a crashing noise, and, feeling herself lurched downwards, she jumped to her feet, as did all in the cars. Consternation and dismay prevailed for a minute or two. It was not known what had happened. Then came the intelligence—a bridge they were crossing had given way, and the cars were launched into the river, the engine being quite jammed into the two back cars, scattering death and devastation around.

The water was fast covering the cars, and all in them felt that their only chance was getting out and saving themselves from drowning if they could. Flora, almost overcome with terror, clambered out of the cars and found herself in the water, hardly able to keep herself afloat, when, alas! she was stunned by a piece of the broken car coming in contact with her head, and she became insensible, and floated down the river unnoticed in the wild confusion.

It happened that a farmer in his wagon returning home from market, on the opposite side of the river, saw a woman floating in the water near the shore. He jumped out of his cart and soon succeeded in getting the lifeless body of Flora to land; then trying to revive her, and finding it useless, he placed her in his wagon and drove her to the house of the village doctor, which was about half a mile distant.

Fortunately life was not extinct, and in less than an hour Flora came slowly back to consciousness. The wound in her head, however, the doctor pronounced to be likely to prove dangerous. There being no hospital in the place, nor anywhere to send his patient except the little public tavern, the doctor, under the peculiar circumstances, was compelled to have Flora removed to a bedroom in his house, where the most unremitting care was bestowed, both by himself and his wife, on the beautiful girl who lay there day after day and week after week in a high fever, raving in her delirium of her father; but who that father was, or who she was, could not be ascertained, for she had her apparel marked only with her initials.

The news of the railroad disaster spread all around, but of course no intelligence of her safety could be sent to her friends until she recovered sufficiently to tell who she was.

With all the unremitting care bestowed upon her, it was nearly six weeks before Flora came to perfect consciousness, and then great was her grief for the sorrow she knew her father must be enduring. Being too weak to write herself, her kind host wrote to Mr. Blandford to come immediately to his daughter. Flora's anxiety was great, almost impeding her increase of strength, when a week elapsed and no answer came.

Mr. Blandford was in his study reading the day after his daughter had left, when a gentleman, a particular friend of his, was announced. As he entered he came up to Mr. Blandford in the most agitated state, and asked if Flora had gone in the western train the previous day, as he had been told she was.

Mr. Blandford, amazed, replied in the affirmative.

"Then, my poor friend, I grieve for you, for there has been a terrible accident—the breaking down of a bridge—and few are saved."

Mr. Blandford tried to speak, but making a few gasps, he fell to the floor senseless. Assistance was summoned and medical aid quickly procured; he recovered during the day, and set out for the scene of the disaster, where every effort was used to learn something of his daughter, or to find the body if drowned. Of course the latter could not be, but it was strange the inquiries should not have reached the doctor's ears, but they did not.

Mr. Blandford returned home broken-hearted, and his health and strength gradually failed; and, finding himself almost unable to perform his duties, he determined to take a change by paying a visit to his brother, who lived some two hundred miles away on a farm.

The doctor's letter, written for Flora, unfortunately came to Mr. Blandford after his departure. Aunt Milly received it; but, forgetting all about it, it was omitted to be sent for several days; hence the torturing delay to Flora.

Need any description be given of the joy of Mr. Blandford when he received the letter. The reaction from grief to happiness was more than his strength could bear, and two days' illness succeeded before he was able to start for the village his daughter was in.

Flora was seated in an easy chair in the doctor's parlor trying to read to compose her mind, which was wrought to a high state of anxiety, when there was a knock at the door. It was opened, and in a few moments Flora was in her father's arms.

"My child! my child!" sobbed the father, "why did I ever let you go; why did I not heed your presentiment, so mercifully sent. You might have been lost to me for ever in this world. Praise be to God that you are restored to me once more."

"Papa, dear papa!" said Flora, smoothing her father's thin cheeks, "how you have changed in such a short time. I have become grey, and you were not so when I left."

"Yes, my pet, I have changed; I should not long have stayed on earth if you had gone. But you have changed also, my darling; your pretty hair is cut off, and you are so pale and emaciated."

"I shall soon be myself again, papa; and, remember, there are two promises you have to give me, which are, not to laugh at presentiments again, nor urge me to leave you for any more visits."

"I promise you both, my love; but I suppose, although not for a visit, but for a longer term, you will be induced to leave me some day."

"Never, papa, never; I devote my future life to you."

And it may be said here she kept her word, for, although ten years have elapsed, she is Flora Blandford still, and likely to remain so.

Mr. Blandford and Flora gave their warmest thanks and gratitude for the kindness with which she had been treated in Dr. Ross's house, and the former would have been glad to have remunerated him for his services, but the kind-hearted physician refused it.

"This has been an uncommon case, my dear sir. I could not take money for attending your daughter. It was a pleasure to both myself and wife, and I can afford what little expenses were incurred. We have no children."

So, bidding a warm farewell, Flora and Mr. Blandford departed for their home, there again to throw almost into hysterics old aunt Milly and the servant-girl, by seeing one they supposed dead come back "safe and sound." All the neighborhood, rich and poor, came flocking to offer their congratulations on Flora's restoration, and it was more than a week before she found herself once more home-like, as she had been before she thought of that unlucky trip.

The Hawthorns were duly notified of the happy turn events had taken, thus relieving Lucy's mind of the weight of sadness which had fallen on it since the terrible shock she had received on hearing of the accident and loss of Flora, and the next summer Mr. Blandford and his daughter together paid them a visit to their pretty home.

An Irish clergyman, who was a hard laborer on his glebe, and when so occupied dressed in a very ragged manner, was recently engaged attending the early potato field, when he was surprised by the very rapid approach of his patron in an open carriage, with some ladies whom he was to meet at dinner in the afternoon. Unable to escape in time, he drew his hat over his face, extended his arms covered, with his tattered jacket, and passed himself off as a scarecrow.

SHEAVES.

BY MARY L. RITTER.

A sad autumnal day—a twilight sky,
All colorless and grey;
A low wind whispering through the withered
grass
And wandering away;
Bare trees—save for a handful of brown leaves!
A quiet reaper resting with her sheaves—

How poor they seem! how few, how worthless
all!

Ah! for another spring:
Or if the summer, late and cold at best,
Might come again and bring
The light and warmth that best mature the
grain
Before the frost falls and the latter rain!

And yet He knows, and judges all aright:
Some by the wayside fell;
Some came to naught; and some the birds de-
voured;

And He alone can tell
What bitter chance or circumstance decreed
The utter failure of the cherished seed.

But it may be in a diviner air
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost
Waits perfect and mature:
And the faint heart that now defeated grieves
May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves.

REFORM IN SERMONS.

The sermon has been and is much abused—so much so that it has become to many men, who are neither atheists nor reprobates, a thing to be avoided by all means, or, failing that, to be abridged, endured, slept through, anything but listened to. It cannot be denied that much of this feeling is the result of our increasing hatred of anything like physical discomfort or penance, and our natural distaste for all things sacred and spiritual. But preach as the preacher may against the world, the flesh, and the devil, we cannot abolish either of them, and the second will cling to us persistently even in church, while the other two are never very far off. What better opportunity can the mind have for wandering into secular thoughts, than the weary, sleepy, forty-five minutes of a poor sermon? The slight impression which even a good sermon makes in the first twenty minutes is more than dissipated by the concluding twenty, "and the last state of that man is worse than the first"—because he rises weary, impatient, exasperated, and painfully aware that in enduring, as he has done, he has been a martyr to public opinion more than to his own sense of right.

It is hopeless to attempt to mould the people of our day in the fashion of Puritan times. This in an age of moderation, of compromise, and not of extreme views in English religious life. Let us therefore, take human nature as we find it, with all its weaknesses, and let the ordinances of worship be framed so as not to overtax the weakest body or perplex and stupefy the feeblest mind. If there be little merit and less profit in enduring a wearisome and barren service, in which the heart does not join, how vastly important it must be that church services should be made, if not positively attractive to the human eye and ear, at least more grateful thereto, and less of a tax upon the patience and endurance of willing worshippers. In the present day there are so many influences drawing men's hearts away from vital religion, that it behoves the churches to make vigorous exertions to establish a firmer hold upon men who evince a disinclination to frequent a place of worship of any kind. The church, in the wide sense, should be made, if possible, the universal resort of all professing religious faith, even of the feeblest kind.

There is but little need to dwell upon the musical and devotional part of service, for much has been done to improve and make these attractive. The sermon, however, has not kept pace with the other departments. In many cases, especially in dissenting churches, it has grown too long. Were all sermons of forty-five minutes, and all able, they would still be too long for a standing dish. The sermon is no longer needed (as it once was) as the chief medium of instructing the people in religious truth. The hearer needs not so much to be taught as to be reminded, and to have heart and conscience stirred up. This constitutes the great difference between sermons and political or other speeches, which must sometimes be hours long. It requires a very able preacher, indeed, to interest all his hearers to the end of a forty-five minutes' sermon, because he has little new to tell. A Chancellor of the Exchequer may interest his hearers for two hours, because he tells them news. Few men can compose two original sermons, of forty-five minutes, every week, which will command patient attention, and tend to edification more than weariness. What misery must commonplace men inflict, and what misery must they endure, in their vain endeavors to keep up to the mark. Need we wonder that the conscientious, sensitive man often breaks down under the task, while he of the easy temper and ready tongue shirks it by trusting to weak and rambling extemporaneous effusions. The most obvious remedy is to shorten and simplify the sermon, and perhaps have only one instead of two per week. It is, doubtless, more difficult to give a fixed amount of matter in twenty than in forty minutes, but

then don't compress the matter of forty into twenty minutes; give short, forcible, earnest addresses of about twenty-five minutes in the everyday language of educated men; expunge all useless verbiage and conventional set phrases; go over very little ground; have no "fourthly, fifthly, and in conclusion;" but one leading, prominent thought on truth or duty, and only one; illustrate and enforce this with all knowledge and eloquence, and do not weary hearers by long and superfluous applications, because this one distinct thought will be firmly fixed and carried away in their minds.

There is too much running after famous preachers, just as people run after famous actors and singers, not to be improved, but to be amused. It may be urged that the sermon being a necessity in some shape, people are justified in seeking for the best they can get; but we submit, if all sermons were short, more sermons would be good. Doubtless, were all men devout, there would be but little need for good sermons, and we should go to church and worship and praise God each for himself and all together; our devotion stimulated, as it was intended to be, by social sympathy, into a grander volume of praise. But, alas! we have not reached this point, and the crying want is fewer, shorter, and yet more intense and powerful sermons. We demand this both on behalf of preacher and hearer, and, most of all, on behalf of that growing class of people, especially men, who are fast slipping beyond the influence of vital religion.—*Liberal Review*.

THE CONDOR.

This greatest of unclean birds has been singularly unfortunate in the hands of the curious and scientific. Fifty years have elapsed since the first specimen reached Europe; yet to-day the exaggerated stories of its size and strength are repeated in many of our text-books, and the very latest ornithological work leaves us in doubt as to its relation to the other vultures. No one credits the assertion of the old geographer, Marco Polo, that the condor can lift an elephant from the ground high enough to kill it by the fall, nor the story of the traveller, so late as 1830, who declared that a condor of moderate size, just killed, was lying before him, a single quill-feather of which was twenty good paces long! Yet the statement continues to be published that the ordinary expanse of a full-grown specimen is from twelve to twenty feet, whereas it is very doubtful if it ever exceeds or even equals twelve feet. A full-grown male from the most celebrated locality on the Andes, now in Vassar College has a stretch of nine feet. Humboldt never found one to measure over nine feet; and the largest specimen seen by Darwin was eight and a half feet from tip to tip. An old male in the Zoological Gardens of London measures eleven feet. Von Tschudi says he found one with a spread of fourteen feet two inches, but he invalidates his testimony by the subsequent statement that the full-grown condor measures from twelve to thirteen feet.

The ordinary habitat of the royal condor is between the altitudes of ten thousand and sixteen thousand feet. The largest seem to make their home around the volcano of Cayambí, which stands exactly on the equator. In the rainy season they frequently descend to the coast, where they may be seen roosting on trees. On the mountains they very rarely perch (for which their feet are poorly fitted), but stand on rocks. They are most commonly seen around vertical cliffs, where their nests are, and where cattle are most likely to fall. Great numbers frequent Antisana, where there is a great cattle estate. Flocks are never seen except around a large carcass. It is often seen singly soaring at a great height in vast circles. Its flight is slow and majestic. Its head is always in motion as if in search of food below. Its mouth is kept open and its tail spread. To rise from the ground, it must needs run for some distance; then it flaps its wings three or four times, and ascends at a low angle till it reaches a considerable elevation, when it seems to make a few leisurely strokes, as if to ease its wings, after which it literally sails upon the air.

In walking, the wings trail upon the ground, and the head takes a crouching position. It has a very awkward, almost painful, gait. From its inability to rise without running, a narrow pen is sufficient to imprison it. Though a carrion-bird, it breathes the purest air, spending most of its time soaring three miles above the sea. Humboldt saw one flying over Chimborazo. We have seen them sailing at least a thousand feet above the crater of Pichincha.

Its gormandizing power has hardly been overstated. We have known a single condor, not of the largest size, to make way in one week with a calf, a sheep, and a dog. It prefers carrion, but will sometimes attack live sheep, deer, dogs, etc. The eyes and tongue are the favorite parts, and first devoured; next, the intestines. We never heard of one authentic case of its carrying off children, nor of its attacking adults, except in defense of its eggs. Von Tschudi says it cannot carry when flying a weight over ten pounds. In captivity it will eat everything, except pork and cooked meat. When full fed, it is exceedingly stupid, and can be caught by the hand; but at other times it is a match for the stoutest man. It passes the greater part of the day sleeping, more often searching for prey in morning and evening than at noon—very likely because objects are more distinctly seen. It is seldom shot (though it is not invulnerable, as once thought), but is generally trapped or lassoed.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

Since the days of Werner and Hutton, earthquakes, and their commonly corresponding phenomena volcanoes, have formed the debatable land whereon geologists of every school have tried their skill and prowess. Whether they indicated a continued activity in the interior of our planet, and, if so, what was their relation to that activity, have been favorite topics of debate. The chemical theory started by Sir Humphrey Davy, that these phenomena were produced by the sudden access of water to uncombined alkaline metals, was for a long time a favorite from its very ingenuity and boldness; and, though facts to support it were difficult to obtain, it was almost equally difficult to bring forward well-founded arguments on the other side. The moon has long been with poets the emblem of fickleness and inconstancy; her pale, silent gaze was to their minds suggestive of lovers' vows, made only to be broken; yet modern research gives us a very different account of our pale-faced satellite. Never, in fact, were the poets more at fault than when they made the orb which ever turns towards her lord and master the same mild and deathlike gaze, the emblem of inconstancy and changeableness. Without water or air, passing from extremes of heat to extremes of cold, the cold, quiet moon bears no life in her bosom. No changing clouds flit across her black skies, no streams murmur down her valleys, no seas break on her cold, grey stones. Yet from the moon, all unlike as she is to our ever-changing earth, we may draw a lesson as to what our earth is probably hastening to. Geology, a unwearied from her researches on the face of the earth, flies boldly across space, and seeks to correlate the action of matter in all the worlds. To the spectroscopic we owe the knowledge that other worlds are composed much as our own, that the common elements which are to a great extent the ordinary elements with them; and, as like ordinarily produces like, so we are justified in the surmise that the succession of phenomena on those of the heavenly bodies with which we are more intimately connected, is not unlike what takes place on our own globe. Astronomers long ago detected on the face of the moon the well-known traces of volcanic action; but though the marks were there of craters and lava streams, though heights could be measured and valleys depicted, the strange fact remained that mortal eye had never, so far as our astronomical records extend, beheld on the satellite an outburst of sublimar energy. Outbursts, like that of Skaptur Jokul, of Sumbawa, or Chimborazo, did not require any powerful instrument for their observation; they would have been visible to the unassisted eye. Little by little, the idea forced itself on the scientific world, that the energy which had once spent itself in volcanic activity had finally left the moon, and that her gaze was one of eternal death. Volcanic phenomena on the earth are intimately connected with the presence of water, gases of various sorts are their necessary product; yet, of water and gaseous bodies the moon exhibited no sign. Our own globe told us something which we might assimilate with the news arrived from the moon. Sink where we would on the face of the earth, after the first few feet of crust were pierced, we found ourselves in presence of an increasing heat. Did the heat increase in the same ratio, through the mass of the earth, that it did near the surface, a few thousands of yards would have brought us to a temperature sufficient to melt the most refractory bodies. Another school, apart from the chemical, perceived in this the plain cause of earthquakes and volcanoes. Astronomers, however, set themselves to calculate the effects of such a state of matters. A fluid nucleus, even when covered with such a crust as proposed, must be affected by lunar tides, and in turn affect the moon herself. No such tides, however, could be detected by the most delicate observations. Whatever, therefore, might have been the original state of the world, there was little danger of its returning to a state of igneous fusion. Earthquakes might shake us, and volcanoes deluge portions of the surface with fire, but their reservoirs of heat were not drawn from any such internal nucleus of fire as was required by the first supporters of the doctrine of internal heat. So for many years the matter rested. Partial seas of fire, and partial disturbances of the state of internal equilibrium had to be accounted for, and many were the theories broached. Chemical action again came into favor, notwithstanding the weight of evidence against its acceptance, especially as it remained clear that some abstruse connection did exist between the sites of volcanic action and the presence of large bodies of water. Few men have devoted so much thought to igneous and seismic phenomena as Mr. R. Mallet; it is, therefore, not surprising that the latest theory broached should have proceeded from one so well known for his devotion to this branch of science. Our globe, he points out, is still radiating heat into space; for every degree so radiated some contraction of the mass must take place. Its surface seems to have long ago arrived at an equilibrium of temperature, hence the contraction must take place internally, tending continually to leave round the shrinking internal core a loose and unattached skin. The force of gravity continually acting on this rind draws it closer and closer to the centre, and it, not being able to contract, is thrown into ridges and hollows, exactly as the skin of dried apple wrinkles and cracks over its shrunk inside. An earthquake is the creep produced by this shrinkage, and the consequent crumpling and crushing together of

the superficial strata; and as this forcible crushing together of the matter of which the surface of the earth is composed must produce enormous development of local heat, we have at once the two phenomena correlated. We can at least imagine a time arriving when the main body of the earth has cooled down so far and set so solidly that it refuses to contract any further under the influence of internal gravity. It has set like a plaster cast round our imaginary apple. Into the void there to be left, the water and air which now enliven the surface may find an entrance. This we may presume to have happened to our satellite, and we may imagine, and perhaps eventually calculate, the time when it must occur to ourselves. Thus strangely does one science help another. Geology might at first sight seem the basest of sciences, concerning herself with rocks and mud; yet she calls to her aid the most ethereal of all, and in return throws a light on celestial phenomena otherwise beyond our comprehension. From the silent moon we are able to extract more and stranger information than did ever Sibil, Pythoness, or "Astrologer or Seer of old."—*North China Herald*.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE latest theory of earthquakes attributes them to the subsidence of certain portions of the earth's surface, and not to the contraction of its crust or to volcanic action. This view is put forth by Mr. H. P. Malet in the *Geological Magazine*.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF IRON.—M. Th. Schurer, in the *Bayerisches Industrie und Gewerbe-Blatt*, states, that if equal parts of chlorides of calcium and sodium are added to the iron in the puddling furnace, the phosphorus is eliminated, the puddling process shortened, and a better iron obtained. The chlorides should be in about three times the quantity of the phosphorus in the iron.

"THERMO DIFFUSION."—It seems to be established, by some experiments of Herr Feddersen, of Leipzig, published in the last number of Poggendorff's *Annalen*, that when a porous body is brought into the form of a diaphragm, and exposed to differences of temperature on the two sides, a current of gas is immediately set up from the cold towards the warmer side. The author recognises this phenomenon as quite distinct from ordinary diffusion, and proposes to distinguish it as "Thermo-diffusion."

A REMARKABLE hypothesis has been advanced in France to account for the occurrence of a dry haze visible in the atmosphere of certain regions during dry and warm weather. M. Callas has published a paper on this subject in *Les Mondes*. He says that at Paris the haze is most commonly seen near the horizon on beautiful summer mornings, which are followed by pleasant days. It has been observed at various heights above the surface of the earth in Spain, Switzerland and Auvergne. The author believes that it is produced by the combustion of aerolites and shooting-stars, and is akin to the cometary matter composing the tails of comets. The idea is as fanciful as it is original.

In a recent paper on the geography of the region about Mount Sinai, Charles Beke, the Abyssinian traveller, announces his desire and intention of exploring it at an early day, and requests subscriptions to enable him to fit out an expedition this spring. "There ought not," he says, "to be any doubt of the fact that Mount Sinai is a volcano, which, though long extinct, was in a state of activity at the time of the exodus," and this is one of the important questions which he hopes to determine by a personal exploration, thus ascertaining absolutely "the situation and character of the true 'Mount of God,' on which necessarily depends not only the line of march of the Children of Israel, but the whole history of the exodus."

THE FEVER TREE.—In a late number of the *Gazeta Medica de Bahia* is an interesting account of the Eucalyptus globulus, an immense tree introduced into various provinces of Brazil from Australia, and called, as in Spain, the fever tree, from its "marvellous results in the treatment of intermittent fevers." The tree is colossal, sometimes attaining a height of 300 feet, and a diameter of 30 feet. All parts are aromatic, less so in the trunk and bark, more so in the small roots, flowers, and leaves. It is a comparatively new medicine, and is given internally for intermittent fever, in doses of from one to four drachms of the powdered leaves—twice during the intermissions—or in infusions (two drachms in four ounces of boiling water), morning and evening. Aqueous and alcoholic extracts, in doses of from two to eight grains, are also used for the same disease.

SUNSHINE AS A FORCE.—A good illustration of man's inability for self-support, independent of sunshine, is afforded by the following calculation: The mechanical equivalent of the vertical sunshine upon a square mile of the earth's surface is computed to be 3,323,000,000 pounds raised a foot high in a second. Under the most favorable circumstances, a square mile of terrestrial soil receiving this amount of sunshine, if planted with bananas, would yield, according to the estimate of Baron Humboldt, 50,000 tons of nutritious food yearly. This is the greatest amount of food-producing power of which the earth appears to be capable. But this quantity of food would suffice only 100,000 men, whose united mechanical force would not raise more than 10,000,000 pounds a foot high in a second. It would, therefore, not be possible for any number of men, by their mechanical force, to produce anything like a sufficient light and heat in the absence of sunshine to raise from the soil the food needful for their own support.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE *Dover Chronicle* states that a steamer is being built having six keels, placed at equal distances on her flat bottom, intended as a Channel steamer, her sides being perpendicular without any curvature. Being of light draught, the keels being only two feet deep, and rolling under such circumstances impossible, sea-sickness will be obviated. It is confidently predicted, under sail and steam, the passage will be accomplished in little more than half an hour.

A REMARKABLE FLOWER.—A flower has been recently described by an eye-witness at Constantinople, which is so great a rarity that one is apt to treat it as a fable, and wait for the confirmation of one's own eyesight. It belongs to the narcissus kind of bulbs, and bears the botanic name of *ophrys mouche*. There were three naked flowers on the stalk hanging on one side; the underneath one was fading, while the two others were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect humming-bird. The breast, of bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, beak and eyes are a most perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body and the two outstretched wings are of a bright rose color, one might almost say flesh colored. On the abdomen rests the whole propagation apparatus, of a deep, dark brown tint, in the form of a two-winged gad-fly.

THE census returns for 1871, which are now appearing in England, show that the residents in London proper are fast leaving it, and that it is year by year becoming more and more of a business resort and less a place of habitation. The city of London, within the municipal and parliamentary limits, comprises only 668 acres. In 1861, the number of inhabited houses was 13,298 and the population 112,063. In 1871, the number of inhabited houses had dwindled down to 9,305, and the residents to 74,897. A special enquiry, however, was made in 1866, with the view of ascertaining the number of persons actually engaged, occupied, or employed daily in the city, as well as the number of persons (exclusive of the foregoing) who, as clients, customers, and other frequenters, resorted thither daily. This inquiry showed that, in addition to the ordinary sleeping—i.e., Census—population, there were 170,133 mercantile, commercial, and professional men engaged in the city daily, so that the actual day population of the city was thereby raised to 282,000. It was also found that the total number of persons resorting to the city daily (during 24 hours) was 728,986. The number of both these classes has probably much increased since 1866.

DENSITY OF POPULATION IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE GLOBE.—Some statistics published by a French paper show the density of population in the great centres of humanity throughout the globe. There are nine cities having a population estimated at or exceeding one million souls—viz., London, 3,251,000; Foochow, 2,000,000; Paris, 1,825,000; Peking, 1,648,000; Yeddo, 1,554,000; Canton, 1,236,000; Constantinople, 1,095,000; Liang-tan, in the province of Hunan, 1,000,000; and Tchen-tchau-foo, in the province of Fokien, 1,000,000. It appears from these figures that, though London holds the first place, the Chinese Empire possesses more populous cities than all the civilized States of the West. The number of cities having a population ranging from above half a million is twelve, viz., New York, Vienna, Berlin, Hangkow, Philadelphia, St. Petersburg, Bombay, Calcutta, Fowchow, Tcheking, Bangkok, and Kiotu. Twenty cities have a population of from 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, 33 of from 200,000 to 300,000, and 90 of from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants. Europe alone possesses 171 cities containing more than 50,000 inhabitants, at the head of which stands London, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

A MAN proves himself fit to go higher who shows that he is faithful where he is.

A FINE coat is but a livery when he who wears it discloses no higher talents than a foot-man.

HE that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

THE truly illustrious are they who do not count the praise of the world, but perform the actions which deserve it.

FAITH AND WORKS.—Men will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

THE foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness, is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of Providence.

A PEACEABLE TEMPER.—How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life of him who neither devises mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension, having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, and envious regret.

BE FIRM.—Let the winds blow, and the waves of society beat and frown about you, if they will; but keep your soul in rectitude, and it will be firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune. If gossip, with

her poisoned tongue, meddles with your good name—if her disciples, who infest every town and hamlet, make your disgrace the burden of their song, heed them not. It is their bread and their meat to slander. Treat their idle words as you would treat the hissing of a serpent, or the buzzing of many insects. Carry yourself erect; and by the serenity of your countenance, and the purity of life, give the lie to all who would berate and belittle you. Why be afraid of any man? Why cower and tremble in the presence of the rich? Why "crook the pliant hinge of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning?"

No, friend, fear them not! Build up your character with holy principles, and if your path be not strewn with flowers, let it be beautiful with the light of divine life, and you will leave behind you a noble example, which will be to the world a perennial flower, whose leaves will be healing to the nations, and its fragrance the panacea of the soul.

HEALTHY AMUSEMENT.—Fun at home is one of the good things which every one can enjoy. Therefore, don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the dusty cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable, places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

ELEGANT LANGUAGE.—The proper use of words in expressing thoughts is language—a perfect picture of the mind. When the language is perfect the picture is perfect. Bad language is like a distorted photograph, showing only an unsymmetrical shadow of the object; and when we look at it we can scarcely realize that it is intended as an image. Sometimes it is so badly distorted that its very producer would scarcely recognize it as his own. In the English language there are plenty of words for the expression of thoughts in true and bright colors; therefore the artist need not borrow from other tongues. But he must choose judiciously, from among the thousands, the proper one for the place, taking care that his colors are blended in such a manner as to please, and at the same time carry a forcible expression. The word-painter must be very careful that his work be not too highly colored, for by the use of high-sounding, ambiguous words, the strength that he may intend to give to the picture is lost, and the image is blurred. The simplest colors applied by the skilful artist make the most life-like picture, and the simplest words, judiciously chosen, are colors that must be used in painting a true picture of the mind.

FAMILY MATTERS.

In cleaning tea-trays, bread-pans, candlesticks and other articles made of Japan-ware, hot water should not be used, as it will produce fractures and cracks; lukewarm water is the best to use.

BAKED GINGER PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, spice to taste, and any kind of fruit preferred. Mix about as stiff as soft gingerbread, and bake it about as long.

SURPRISE CAKE.—One egg, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one cup of sweet milk, spice to taste, and flour enough to make the batter thick after boiling up well. Bake in a moderate oven.

BAKED BATTER PUDDING.—To one quart of milk add four well beaten eggs and one cup of flour; stir well together and set it on the stove, and continue stirring until it begins to thicken, then set in the oven and bake twenty minutes. To be eaten with hard or liquid sauce.

NICE BROWN BREAD.—Two and one-half quarts of Indian meal, three pints of wheat flour, one quart of stewed pumpkins, one teaspoonful of ginger, one and one-half cups of molasses, and two teaspoonfuls of soda. Mix with sweet milk or water, and bake over night in a brick oven.

To remove ink-stains from mahogany, put a few drops of spirits of nitre in a teaspoonful of water; touch the stain with a feather dipped in the mixture, and on the ink disappearing, rub it over immediately with a rag wetted in cold water, or a white mark will be left which will be difficult to efface.

To silver ivory, immerse it in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and suffer it to remain until it has acquired a deep yellow color; then take it out, wash it with water and expose it to the sun's rays, which will turn it black in about three hours; the ivory will, on being rubbed, assume a silvery appearance.

FRUIT SYRUP.—Frequent and alarming cases of poisoning have recently been noticed in Brussels, and on investigation the causes were discovered to be the use of raspberry, currant, and other fruit syrups. The Belgian chemists

have analysed these syrups, and assert that none of them contained a trace of the fruit of which the syrup is named. Many consisted of a solution of glucose, covered with aniline red mixed with tartaric or citric acid and a few drops of fruit essences. Fuchsine, the form of aniline red used, it is stated, is frequently combined with arsenic.

HOW TO CLEAN LAMP CHIMNEYS.—Hold a linen cloth against one end of the chimney and place the other end to your mouth, breathe in it until it is covered inside with moisture, push the cloth into the chimney with a smooth slender stick and rub it around until the moisture is absorbed, repeat the process and breathe over the outer surface also, rub this with the cloth until dry and you have a clean, bright chimney as the result. This method saves time, labor and patience, and gives a result highly satisfactory; soft newspaper will take the place of a linen cloth; do not use cotton cloth on any glassware.

INDELIBLE INK.—The best indelible inks used for marking clothing consist chiefly, as every one knows, of nitrate of silver, and are best applied with a glass or quill pen. The silver, being reduced in the fibre of the goods by the action of sunlight or artificial heat, is in no danger whatever of being destroyed by any ordinary process of washing. For use with marking stamps, a much thicker ink is absolutely necessary, and the printing-ink usually sold with such stamps almost invariably washes out. Ink prepared as follows, however, is said to be excellent: Take equal parts of very finely-pulverized sulphate of iron (green vitriol) and cinnamon; sift them, and triturate carefully with good linseed oil, and finally pass through straining-cloth. It can be used immediately. If enough oil is added, it becomes thin enough for writing with a pen; when less oil is employed, it becomes thick enough for use with a marking-stamp. This ink has been used for cotton goods that were afterward bleached in a regular establishment without injury to the marks.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

RULED paper—the French press.
ALWAYS "hard pressed"—bricks.
DRAWING paper—the dentist's bill.
PAPER for the roughs—sand paper.
A TAKING paper—the sheriff's warrant.
MERE catch-penny affairs—hand-organs.
SPIRITUALIST'S paper—(w)rapping paper.
AN article you can always borrow—trouble.
THE paper that's full of rows—the paper of pins.

A QUERY.—Does a stalling joke ever require a seat?

A BAD style of arithmetic—Division among families.

PAPER containing many fine points—the paper of needles.

WHEN is a captain in his heaviest attire?—When he wears his ship.

"So dark, and yet so light," as the man said when he looked at his ton of coal.

VAIN attempts at high art—painting the weathercock on a church steeple.

A WOMAN is generally more economical than a man, because her "waist" is smaller.

WHY has a barber a more extensive business than any other man?—Because it extends from pole to pole.

A YOUNG lady at Princeville has sent off her lover with instructions not to return until he "means business."

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared an irate counsel at an exasperating witness.—"Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the reply.

EIGHT FURLONGS MAKE A MILE.—The *Grand Rapids Times* (U.S.) says there is a farmer near Jackson who has a mile of young ones. He has four boys and four girls. His name is Furlong.

UNCOMMONLY intelligent are the coroner's juries in Mississippi. Twelve men in Warren county, in that State, returned a verdict that "The deceased died by the will of God or some other disease unknown to the jury."

BUSINESS AS USUAL.—Charles: "Well, James, I suppose as how you'll be able to take it easy this season, now that your oldest young lady's turned off?"—James: "Ah! but there's the youngest a coming out; so we're much as we was."

"UNCLE CHARLES," said Jimmy, "can you tell me why the sun sets in the west at night, and rises in the morning?"—"Pshaw!" said Uncle Charles; "the first fool you meet can tell you that."—"Yes, uncle," replied the sweet boy; "that's why I asked you."

A TREMENDOUS HEADER.—A person threw the head of a goose at an actor of a small provincial theatre.—"Gentlemen," exclaimed the actor, coming to the front, "don't be uneasy; if any one among you has lost his head, I will restore it at the end of the performance."

"GIRLS," said a worthy old lady to her granddaughters, "whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms round his neck, look him full in the face, and commence talking about the furniture. Young fellows are mighty nervous sometimes. I lost several good chances before I caught your fond, dear grandfather, by putting on airs, but I learned how to do it after awhile."

MR. SMITH lately sought to remove a grease spot from his coat tail by the free use of benzine, and then stood close to the stove that the odor might evaporate more quickly. He was quite correct in his theory but unfortunate in his practice, for he was soon turning cartwheels

through the window, and there was not enough coat-tail left to make a "weskit" for a doll baby. He does not ride horseback now, and sleeps on all fours like a mule.

AN unimaginative individual, on visiting the Falls of Niagara, was greatly perplexed at the astonishment expressed by his companions, and on one of them exclaiming to him, "Is it not a most wonderful fall?" replied, "Wonderful, no; I see nothing wonderful in it. Why, what's to hinder the water from falling?"

A MATRIMONIAL SERENADE.—Bill Stoker resided in the town of C—, on the coast of Maine. He was known as a man of few words, and a crusty old bach. Finding an ancient maiden lady suited to his years, Bill quietly married and took her home. There were game young men in C—, and ere the news was fifteen minutes old, bells, tin pans, ram's horns, and such like euphonious instruments, were heard approaching Bill's cabin from all directions. It was late in the evening when the news got out. An old forty-pounder, dragged from the fort hard by, with its shocking explosions, capped the climax of the horrible din, while rattling glass indicated mischief, as well as fun. However, a treat they must have. But hour after hour passed, and the house gave no more sign of life than a last year's tombstone. Of a sudden Jack Whipple started for the nearest apothecary's shop, saying—

"I'll start 'em!"
Back in a trice, he began blowing asafetida smoke through the keyhole! Meantime bang, toot, toot, rattle, rattle, rattle went gun, horns and pans, as though no side play was being enacted. At last the door opened, and Bill Stoker appeared. All was hushed as the grave.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing the crowd, "your music is charming, but d—n your perfumery. Here is a V, I'm beat."

OUR PUZZLER.

66. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Many a noble deed was done,
And many a knight was slain;
Many a hard-fought field was won,
But my second they could not gain;
For more men by disease in my first were lost,
Than were slain in fight 'gainst the infidel host.

1. In furious fight by Trojan hero slain,
Thy death his ruin, and his country's bane.
2. The flower which the goddess caused to grow,
From the blood of a mouth whom a boar laid low.
3. Of different shapes and sizes suitable to all,
It shed its rays on occupants of cottage or of hall.
4. That heedless youth who for a trifle sold
A heritage more precious far than gold.
5. One of a race who, ancient writers say,
Revealed the future in prophetic lay.
6. A garment, the name of which is often seen;
The dress of both sexes in the East it formerly has been.
7. Birthplace of one who, in Eighth Henry's reign,
Did step by step the highest honors gain.
8. The Grecian hero who was so renowned
For wisdom, virtue, knowledge, skill profound.
9. A lonely wanderer on some foreign strand,
Banished forever from his native land.

A. TONBRIDGIAN.

67. CONUNDRUM.

What article in a grocer's shop expresses a doubt as to a man's power of walking?

68. CHARADE.

Now grove and mead are clothed in green,
Full many of my first were seen
In blooming gardens, and the same,
A well-known kind of pulse will name.

And when my second is disclosed,
You'll find to spirit 'tis opposed;
While for a person it may pass
And likewise a collective mass.

Behold, a vessel leaves the strand,
Bound to a distant foreign land:
A form upon the deck appears,
Who greeted is with deafening cheers.
It is my whole, and may he be
By providence attended,
And, whether upon land or sea,
From every ill defended.

IAGO.

69. BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.

1. Where dwelt the men who brought fish and all manner of ware, and sold on the Sabbath to the children of Judah?
2. Where is it mentioned that King Abaz sent an altar pattern, and to whom did he send it?
3. The name of the man and the place where he made engines, invented by cunning men to be on the towers?
4. Whom did Joab take aside in the gate to speak with him quietly, and smote him there under the fifth rib that he died?

CADMUS.

TO-MORROW.

Loud, chilling winds may hoarsely blow
From off the distant mountain,
And winter, on his wings of snow,
May hush the crystal fountain,
Sere, withered leaves on every hand,
May tell of earth in sorrow,
Again will spring-time warm the land
And bring a glad to-morrow.

The storm may gather loud and fast,
Sweeping o'er the angry sky;
Rough winds may rock the stubborn mast,
And waves pile mountains high;
Darkness may deepen in her gloom,
Nor stars relieve her sorrow,
Light will come trembling from her tomb,
In golden-haired to-morrow.

The sun may chase the far-off cloud,
And leave the world in sadness,
Still will her smile break through the shroud
And fill the air with gladness;
The day may lose her golden light,
Her tears the night may borrow.
Yet with her parting, last good-night,
She brings us fair to-morrow.

The hills, once green with verdure clad,
May sing their plaintive story,
Full-robed again, in echoes glad,
Will boast their former glory;
The rose may linger on the stem,
Its fragrance breathes of sorrow,
'Twill yield to earth its vital gem
And bloom again to-morrow.

Broad arches span the brow of heaven,
And shimmer in their brightness,
Like diadems of glory riven,
Lost in a sea of whiteness,
Their lustre glimmering on the sight
Like banners draped in sorrow,
Tells of joy, of peace, of light,
Where beams a bright to-morrow.

The thoughts that burn like altar-fires,
With incense pure and holy,
Whose flames reach high in proud desires,
The riches of the lowly,
May lose the fervor of their glow,
Nor pleasure longer borrow,
Their music may forget to flow,
'Twill swell again to-morrow.

The hopes, the loves of days gone by,
May fade in joyous seeming,
The light that filled the radiant eye
May lose its early beaming,
Care's silver thread may gather o'er
The brow oppressed by sorrow,
Still brighter joys seem yet in store,
And promise much to-morrow.

The victory that we win in life
May waver at its dawning,
Love may be wounded in the strife,
And tears may cloud our morning,
But, with each fresh returning day,
Hope wings away our sorrow,
Sheds o'er the heart her blissful ray
And whispers of to-morrow.

THE INNER LIFE OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

BY W. H. S. AUBREY.

What an expenditure of time, and money, and labor, and judgment is required in the production of a newspaper! Many a critical hearer, when listening to a sermon, imagines that he could preach a better one; and many a reader of newspapers thinks their preparation an ordinary and simple task. Let both try, and they would speedily be undeceived. The critical faculty is always more easy and more pleasant to exercise than the productive faculty. Take an ordinary daily paper. To start one involves an outlay of a hundred thousand pounds, and even then success is not ensured. In these days of a cheap press, it is not the mere sale of a penny newspaper, however great that may be, which constitutes the chief source of revenue. This is to be looked for in the advertisements, which are not easily secured for a new journal, but meanwhile, the working expenses proceed at the rate of at least a hundred pounds a day. Unless an enormous sale can be secured, consentaneously with a steady income from advertisements, the outgoings of one month would dissipate a respectable fortune. Very few readers have an idea of the trouble and cost of producing the closely-printed sheet which lies upon their breakfast-table every weekday morning.

By day and night hundreds of persons are watching for facts and events which they may report. All over the metropolis and throughout the length and breadth of the land there are observant newspaper correspondents, whom nothing escapes. Every noteworthy occurrence is duly reported, and anything special is transmitted by telegraph. How soon does the public mind become used to marvels!

A year or two ago it was deemed extraordinary that a speech delivered at night in Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, or Dublin, should be verbally reported and commented upon in the chief London papers on the following morning; but now this is looked for as a matter of course, and when any celebrated personage is announced to speak in the country at a semi-political or social gathering, special arrangements are made to furnish a verbatim report to the press, so that the earlier portion of the speech is often set up in type before the latter part is delivered. The leading provincial journals are supplied in the same way, so that newspapers published every morning in Bristol, Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and

elsewhere, contain exactly the same information from all parts of the globe.

Swiftly but silently during the hours of the night the telegraph operators are busily engaged in transmitting general and local intelligence; and some provincial journals pay as much as five hundred pounds per annum for the privilege of what is known as a "special wire," of which they have exclusive or prior use from seven or eight o'clock at night until three in the morning. The London correspondent avails himself of this to send a digest of the evening papers, with Parliamentary and legal items of local interest, and any general news arriving in the metropolis during the night.

Streams, and rills, and drops of information are perpetually coming in through the editorial box of a daily newspaper. Letters without num-

speech which is being delivered two hundred or five hundred miles away, and will immediately produce an article dealing with all the salient points. Or something occurs to direct attention to a distant part of the world of which very little is known by ordinary readers, and forthwith gazetteers and books of travel must be looked up, and the necessary information given in a presentable form. This was the case with the Andaman Islands, when the late Governor-General of India, Earl Mayo, met with a lamented death by the hands of an assassin. Very few persons were acquainted with the physical peculiarities or even with the position of those islands, but within a few hours endless particulars had been disinterred and published in the newspapers from India Office reports and from other available sources. So, when a cele-

or trouble to obtain intelligence, to present it in a readable form, and to secure a thoroughly efficient staff of writers. The whole machinery is very complex, but it works smoothly, owing to the perfect division of labor and to a thorough system.

The editor of a newspaper is supreme and absolute. From his decision there is no thought of appeal. He marks out the general line of policy, to which all the writers adhere. He must know exactly the public requirements. He must be acute, observant, prompt, energetic, yet judicial. Especially must he have discernment of character and of aptitude, so as to allot to his staff their respective work. One man succeeds in a special line who would miserably fail if set to another kind of newspaper work. Even talented writers are sometimes erratic, and need to be watched, and the entire economy over which an editor rules requires incessant vigilance.

The law of libel is still swift and sharp, and an unguarded statement may entail trouble and pecuniary loss. Typographical and literary blunders are sure to be visited with caustic criticism by brother journalists, while readers hold it an unpardonable offence in a newspaper to be twenty-four hours behind its contemporaries in giving important intelligence.

What to omit is far more frequently a matter of grave perplexity to a sub-editor than what to insert. Usually he has a vast surplussage of material, and the subordinate portion is left entirely in his hands. He has also to search through the columns of the home and foreign exchanges, of which a hundred or two arrive every day, and to cut out any provincial or foreign items that may interest his own readers. It sometimes happens that all this winnowing yields very little wheat; but the process must nevertheless be gone through, lest anything of value should escape. He must also be clever and quick at making abstracts and in translating into plain English the bungling, clumsy, and ungrammatical productions which come before him.

Of course, he has assistants, or the work would never be got through; and indeed every department of the paper is under special charge. The telegrams, the City Article, the markets, the state of trade, shipping, manufactures, meteorological intelligence, legal matters, the parliamentary and general summaries, literature and reviews, places of amusement, sporting, university items, the Corporation of London, the Metropolitan Board of Works, the School Board, the Court Circular, banking, railways, foreign intelligence, and a variety of other matters, have to be attended to, either separately by responsible persons for each newspaper, or in some cases for several conjointly. There is not, however, so much of the latter as is sometimes supposed, owing to peculiarities of circulation, and still more to technical and mechanical difficulties.

Thus it will be seen that an enormous amount and variety of work has to be performed ere the daily newspaper can be produced. The *Times* usually fills sixteen pages daily, and sometimes, owing to the extraordinary number of advertisements, four additional pages have to be issued. The *Daily Telegraph* is of the normal size of eight pages, but two or three times a week two, and sometimes four, extra pages are given. The sixteen pages of the *Times* contain very nearly a quarter of a million of words, or five hundred pages of matter of the size and type of the *Quarterly Review*, the greater portion of which has to be newly set up each night and distributed on the following day.

The advertisements are set up as fast as they arrive, and are duly arranged according to subject; and as much of the newspaper proper as can be prepared is also got forward; but the bulk of it has to be done between seven in the evening and one in the morning, so as to allow time for the impression to be worked off for the early morning mails. To secure this prompt transmission of intelligence, busy brains, nimble fingers, untiring feet, and complex machinery are busy night and day.

To reduce to order the crude elements out of which a newspaper is produced, and to render the many statements intelligible, is no easy task, but it is always done, though under pressure, for the paper must appear at the set time. Facts have to be corroborated, names and dates have to be verified, harmony and consistency must be secured, able comments must be promptly written; if one man fails, another must take his place; and all this has to be done while the bulk of the readers are calmly sleeping, so that the latest news may await their uprising. The marvel remains, though familiarity has blunted the edge of surprise.

One point must, in justice, be added. The English press, taken as a whole, is conducted most creditably. Personalities are now but rarely indulged in, and the virulent spirit of party has largely disappeared. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no respectable journal could be induced for any money consideration to become the advocate either of persons or of opinions. In some respects there is room for improvement, as in the pandering which is sometimes exhibited to low, morbid, and brutal tastes, and in detailed reports of sickly and sensational crimes; but, speaking in general terms, there is much in connexion with our daily press for which we have reason to be proud and thankful. It is not behind the American press in bold adventure and skilful outlay, as was amply proved during the Franco-German war, but happily it is far before a large section of that press in its general tone and spirit. Rightly and wisely conducted, the Fourth Estate is a palladium of public rights and liberties.—*People's Magazine*.



A LITTLE POORLY.

ber, on all kinds of subjects, and written in varying degrees of badness, have to be opened, glanced through, rapidly judged and disposed of. Nine-tenths of them instantly go into the waste-paper basket. The penny-a-liners send in a flood of what is known as "flimsy," from its being written in manifold and sent to all the newspapers. The bulk of this is summarily rejected, and even when used, the experienced sub-editors ruthlessly cut out the mere verbiage, and while reducing the copy to one-half or even one-fourth of the original length, contrive to retain all the facts.

Reporters on the staff, and others specially engaged, bring in scores of pages of manuscript relating to Parliament, public meetings, banquets, scientific gatherings, vestries, law, and police; all of which have to be dealt with according to the night's space. A pressure of advertisements, a critical debate, an extraordinary trial, a lengthy speech by some renowned orator, will cause everything else to be compressed.

Even after the bulk of the matter has been set up, the arrival of country parcels by the midnight trains, or, still more, of a lengthy and urgent telegraphic despatch, will involve a rearrangement, with perhaps the standing over or cancelling of several columns. Thus the great fire at Chicago was reported in all the English papers on the following morning, and when the detailed intelligence arrived by steamer at Queenstown a fortnight later, it was instantly telegraphed to London between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and was in type within an hour. In such a case, everything else is put aside, and nearly all the fifty or sixty compositors are put upon the work. In like manner, a leading article is often set up in type within ten minutes, so that the editor may see a proof before the inner pages go to press.

A clever writer will attend a debate in Parliament, or will read a lengthy and intricate

ated person dies, a detailed biography and minute criticism appear on the next morning.

This, however, is not the hurried work of a night. The biographies of all our leading politicians and of men and women eminent in the walks of literature, science, and art, as well as of foreign monarchs, statesmen, and public characters, are all prepared and kept in readiness, additional facts being appended from time to time; so that at last, when tidings of death arrive, all that has to be done is to give the final particulars.

When the country was so terribly agitated in December, 1871, by the sudden and critical illness of the Prince of Wales, some of the leading journals were unprepared with memoirs, and these had to be written in hot haste. In several cases they were actually set up and kept in readiness for instant use during those dreadful days and nights when the royal sufferer was momentarily expected to breathe his last, and when, indeed, it was scarcely known whether life was extinct. Those who are engaged in journalistic work will never forget the tension of that awful period.

It would be a curious study if some of our prominent men could penetrate into the editorial arcana and peruse the critiques upon themselves and their career with which survivors will be regaled within twenty-four hours of their decease. The story is told that the late Lord Brougham once had a false rumor of his death circulated, in order to gratify himself by reading what the newspapers said of him, but that a contradiction got abroad in those pre-telegraph days before the memoirs could be completed and issued, so that the morbid desire was only gratified in a few cases, and these were not, on the whole, complimentary.

The obituaries of the *Times* have long been renowned for their completeness, their accuracy, their fairness, and their general literary style. A high-class journal spares no expense